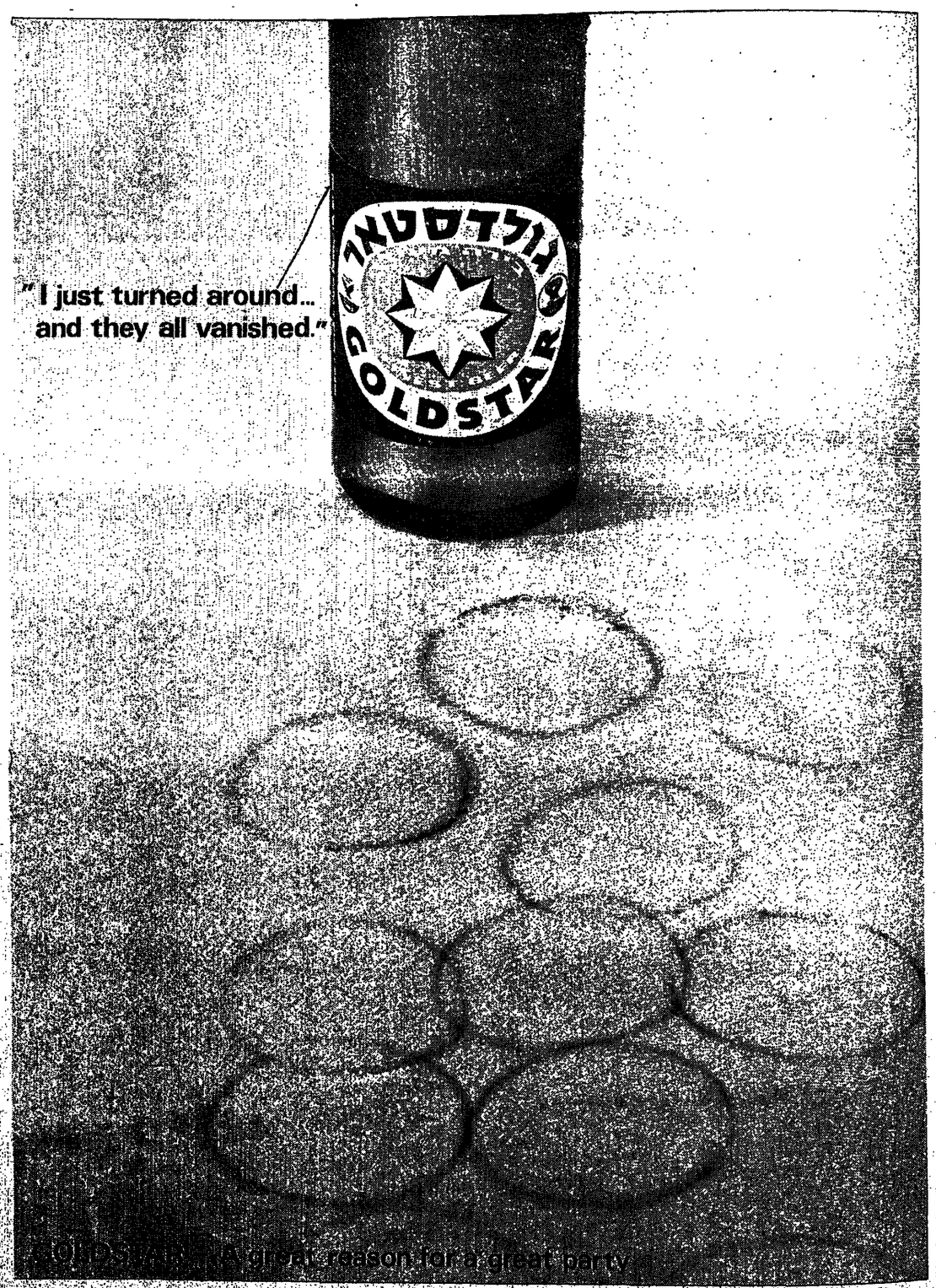

ARIELI ADVT.

THE JERUSALEM POST WEEK-END MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1971

Bridget Riley, photographed above by J.S. Levinski, is a young British painter who was born in London in 1931 and through clever and skilful exploitation of "op" painting gained an immediate international acceptance and fame second only, perhaps, to Vasarely. From the black-and-white paintings of scintillating and optically vibrating patterns of the '60s she has now gone over to very sensitive use of colour. This time in straight stripes exploiting vibration and apparent movement. As representative of Britain in 1970 to the Venice Biennale of 1970, she won the first prize. Ten more of Britain's leading artists and sculptors appear in a special photo report on pages 18-19.

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THE AMAZING MR. MIRAGE

This is the first of a series of serialized extracts from "Mirage — Warplane For The World" by Jack Gee, published this month by MacDonald, London. It tells the story of Marcel Dassault (formerly Bloch) and how he came to build the Mirage fighter-bomber. Mr. Gee is our Paris Correspondent JACK MAURICE.

AMONG the great captains of industry who will be remembered, the father of the Mirage, Marcel Dassault, is sure of a place of honour.

With America's James McDonnell and Donald W. Douglas and Britain's Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, Dassault belongs to the select band of aviation pioneers who have proved themselves capable of designing aircraft of quality single-handed.

Intelligence, foresight, a razor-sharp mind, an electronic memory, patience, stubbornness, an appetite for risk — but never for foolhardy risk — a robust constitution in a frail body, these are the qualities which Dassault possesses to the highest degree.

A born leader, who can size up men or projects accurately and swiftly, he yet takes pride in the discretion and prudence with which he embarks on a new venture. But once he has chosen his objective, he plunges into the fray with all the pugnacity of a fighting cock. However, should victory later seem to be slipping from his grasp, he has an uncanny gift of withdrawing at the strategic moment.

The painful series of surgical operations which he endured after the wartime ordeals of internment and deportation would have finished a lesser man. But all who come close to Marcel Dassault are struck by his astonishing vitality and brilliant intuitive power.

This is a study of an exceptional and fascinating man. Under his original name, Marcel Bloch, he made his first appearance on the international scene in 1936.

At that time Germany was rearming at top speed, and France was striving desperately to catch up. Bloch determined that his designs should provide the French warplanes to engage in combat the Messerschmitts, Heinkels and Junkers of Adolf Hitler's *Luftwaffe*.

Thirty years later Marcel Bloch, better known today as Marcel Dassault, has won world-wide fame as an aircraft manufacturer. But, although he has designed and built many warplanes, one stands as the supreme monument to his genius: the Mirage.

Yet the Mirage is much more than the realisation of one man's dream, it has become the symbol of France's political ambitions and achievements in five continents. In the hands of Israeli pilots in the Middle East it humbled a mighty coalition of seven nations during a lightning war. This made it the vital counter in France's dealings with the Arab world. But soon the Mirages which he withheld from Israel on the eve of the Six Day War were to help turn half of France against General de Gaulle, and so set in motion the chain reaction of resentment and disenchantment that toppled France's leader from power.

THE great adventure of the Mirage began in a comfortable apartment house only three hundred metres from the bright lights of Pigalle and the Moulin Rouge. At No. 47 rue Blanche, a bourgeois street which climbs steeply towards the artists' studios of Montmartre, lived Dr. Adolphe Bloch, his wife Noémie and their three sons. On January 22, 1892 a fourth son was born: Marcel. Dr. Bloch had ministered to the wounded in the hospitals of Paris when the city was besieged by the troops of the Prussian Kaiser Wilhelm I in 1870. Later he became President of the French Anthropological Society. Born in Strasbourg in eastern France, Dr. Bloch made Paris his permanent home (at the time when Prussia seized Alsace and Lorraine as the prize of victory) in order to remain French.

Among the Bloch boys Paul was ten years Marcel's senior and always more robust and athletic than his younger brother. Later he was to become a general in the French army and a leader of the wartime resistance movement. Marcel, a delicate child, recalls: "At school I was not a particularly bright pupil. I was absent-minded too and my mind easily wandered from my studies." But though his thoughts might stray from his homework, they had already turned to his life's work. On his blotter were sketches of the first airships of the German Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin and alongside them the curious angular shapes which presaged his own delta-winged triumphs of the future.

Marcel was only eleven when he took the decision which was to shape both his life and the course of French aviation. At Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the Wright Brothers, Wilbur and Orville, had just performed a historic feat, the first powered, controlled, sustained flight. Orville Wright had kept aloft for 12 seconds and flown 120 feet before landing. From the moment he heard of this feat, Marcel knew that his future must lie in the new field they had pioneered.

In 1909, when he was 17, his resolution was confirmed. In that year France's Louis Blériot made the first aerial crossing of the English Channel, covering the 23 miles from Calais to Dover in 38 minutes aboard his Type 6 aircraft. A few months later Marcel enrolled as a student at the newly founded Higher School of Aeronautics. He graduated, one of the first aeronautical engineers ever trained in France, a few months before the outbreak of World War 1.

Paying tribute to this early training, Dassault makes clear his opinion that French skill in aircraft design far outshines that of the United States. "In America," he says, "engineers are highly specialized, whereas in France our schools turn out complete engineers. This means they know aerodynamics, metal strengths, how to install engines and how to use equipment. So, several of my engineers are capable of making a plane completely on their own while in America it takes hundreds of engineers to make an aircraft."

A few months before Europe went to war in 1914 Marcel was conscripted into France's embryo air force as a corporal. When war broke out he was appointed technical assistant to Captain Etévé, a stern disciplinarian who invented the first workable anemometer, an instrument for measuring the force of the wind. Etévé's other assistant, who was also to become a great figure in the history of French aviation, was Henry Potez.

Potez, whose aircraft factory at Meaulte was the largest in the world during the early 1930s, completed his course at the Higher School of Aeronautics a year before Bloch. The two young men remained together throughout the War. Their first assignment was to standardize the manufacture of the Caudron G III. This aircraft was being built by two manufacturers, SPAD and Louis Blériot, the latter the trail-blazer whose first flight from France to England had thrilled and inspired the schoolboy Bloch.

The French Air Force urgently needed planes. So Etévé's two young assistants had to use the utmost diplomacy to ensure that the same standard design was followed by plants making the Caudron in Paris, Issy-les-Moulineaux and Lyons.

Bloch and Potez became close friends and, soon, business partners. In off duty spells Bloch designed a wooden propeller which he called "Eclair" (Flash), and invited his comrade to produce it with him. They won a government contract to manufacture hundreds of them for the French Air Force's fighters, including "Old Charles," the SPAD VII flown by Georges Guynemer, the French ace who destroyed 57 German aircraft before he was shot down in 1917. Both propeller and plane are today on show with other souvenirs of France's military prowess at the French Air Force Flying School at Salon de Provence.

Meanwhile Bloch had become engaged to Madeleine Minckès, daughter of a Paris furniture maker. He persuaded his fiancee's father to manufacture the propeller for him out of planks of walnut wood at his workshops in the Faubourg Saint Antoine furniture district, near the Bastille. But making only propellers soon became monotonous for those eager, inventive young engineers Bloch and Potez. In 1916 they founded their own company, the *Société d'Etudes Aéronautiques*. Their ambition was to build an observation aircraft to replace the two-seater British Sopwith which was powered by a Clerget 130 h.p. rotary engine. Bloch and Potez felt confident they could produce better results than the "Sop" with a prototype of their own powered by a new 200 h.p. engine which Clerget was developing.

Every evening after a busy day supervising production of the single-seater SPAD VII fighter and looking after their propeller business, they worked on their first aircraft project, a two-seater fighter. In their enthusiasm they were undeterred by the risk — which Dassault scrupulously avoided later in his career — of assembling two untried elements: a prototype engine and a prototype airframe.

They built the airframe at the factory in Suresnes just outside Paris where the SPADs were being manufactured. Sub-contractors made the mechanical parts. At last an elegant new biplane was delivered to the airfield. But the Clerget engine was a failure. The SEA-1, as Bloch and Potez had designated their aircraft, could not remain airborne for more than a few minutes. So they returned to their drawing boards to try again.

But, after a series of disappointing experiments, they achieved a real success. This was the SEA-4 which was powered by a new Lorraine-Dietrich 370 h.p. engine. One morning as they were about to tow it from Suresnes to Villacoublay airfield an air raid siren sounded. Throughout the day Paris was rocked by explosions. But no enemy aircraft were in sight. In the evening the two engineers received an urgent call from the Air Ministry. A senior of-

(Continued on next page)

Marcel Dassault with his wife Madeleine and their elder son Serge, the heir to his aircraft empire.

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The plane and figs of the Bloch 157 fighter fell into German hands when they occupied France in 1940, the Luftwaffe insignia being painted on this prototype. The Bloch 152 fighters brought down 188 German aircraft as against only 96 of their own make lost against the Luftwaffe.

ficial told them: "That was Big Bertha, the long-range cannon which the Germans have built to bombard Paris. We're going to need your SEA-4 in a hurry." The plane's tests started the next day regardless of the shelling. A 12-cylinder water-cooled engine gave this two-seater fighter and reconnaissance plane a top speed of nearly 140 miles an hour. The Air Force sent their own test pilots down to Villacoublay to evaluate the SEA-4 and, after studying their favourable reports, the government ordered 1,000 aircraft.

The Suresnes factory was too small to handle production in such quantities. So Bloch and Potez formed a new company, the *Societe Anjou Aéronautique*, to manufacture the SEA-4 at Angers in the Loire Valley. Production was slowed down by the problem of maintaining efficient liaison between Potez in Angers and Bloch who remained in Paris. Finally the first SEA-4 rolled off the production line on November 11, 1918, just as trumpet fanfares were announcing Armistice Day. The contract was cancelled. Nevertheless, work continued on aircraft already in production, and 115 Bloch-Potez SEA-4s were completed and delivered.

Throne for sultan

By that time Marcel had shed his air force uniform and was married to Madeleine. The successful young aircraft manufacturer was only 27 and his bride 16. As the market for warplanes vanished, Madeleine encouraged Marcel to go into business with her father whose crowning glory was a custom-built throne for the Sultan of Morocco. So Bloch abandoned airframes for Henry II dining room suites and Louis XV armchairs. He was to stay in the furniture trade for ten years and became the first manufacturer to introduce assembly-line methods into what had hitherto been a "craft" industry.

But Bloch was merely biding his time. As soon as the opportunity presented itself he intended to get back to his beloved aeroplanes. In 1930 he won a government-sponsored contest to build a three-engined mail carrier for the French Post Office. One of his first assistants was Henri Deplante, then a 23-year-old second-lieutenant in the French Air Force and today Technical Director-General of Avions Marcel Dassault.

Bloch's first planes were built in a small workshop at Meudon near Paris. In 1932 he moved to the rue de la Mairie at Boulogne-sur-Seine, nearer the capital. Henri Deplante's brother Paul, today Technical Director of the Mirage assembly plant at Merignac near Bordeaux, was hired and the design team expanded to a strength of six.

Their first big military assignment came in 1933 when the Air Minister, General Victor Denain, alarmed by the emergence in Germany of Hitler and his fierce brand of nationalism, told Bloch he wanted a cheap, mass-produced bomber. The result was the Bloch 210. Bloch himself designed the prototype, but the Air Ministry introduced some modifications of its own and placed orders for production of the plane with a number of manufacturers. Several Bloch 210s crashed during take-off. There were rumours of sabotage. An official enquiry, however, revealed that the Gnome-Rhône K-14 engine was not powerful enough for such a heavy aircraft and that the standard of ground maintenance by the young French Air Force mechanics was poor. But the Bloch 210 survived this ill-augured debut, and fitted with new engines became an exceptionally reliable aircraft.

Meanwhile, Marcel Bloch's brother, Paul, had risen to the rank of general. He was appointed chief of the technical staff of War Minister Andre Maginot, creator of the line of fortresses which lulled France into believing its eastern border inviolable to German attack. In 1935 Paul Bloch became Deputy Chief of the General Staff. Both brothers were progressing soundly in their chosen careers.

Social upheaval

But Marcel had not bargained for the social and political upheaval which swept France in 1936. Like thousands of other industrial plants, shops and offices throughout the country his factories were occupied by sit-down strikers. While many prudent bosses stayed away from their premises Bloch went down to his works at Courbevoie in the Paris suburbs at one o'clock in the morning and harangued his men. Wrapped in his habitual tweed overcoat and muffler, he declared: "I agree there is a lot that can be improved in the field of social relations. But you fellows are getting a better deal than most. And I shall make sure that it gets even better."

Premier Léon Blum's Popular Front Government ordered employers to give their staffs a 40-hour working week and two weeks off annually. Blum was less generous than Bloch whose employees were already receiving three week's holiday.

Under the Matignon Agreements which ended weeks of economic paralysis for France the Popular Front nationalized the armaments industry. A stroke of the pen was enough for the state to take over Avions Marcel Bloch. But it was a much bigger challenge to operate the firm without the guiding genius of its founder. Henry Ford once said: "Take away my plants, but leave me my engineers and I'll go ahead and build the best car in the world." Ford meant that it is impossible to nationalize skill and experience in the same way as property and equipment. The French Government, obsessed by Hitler's lengthening strides across Europe and the victories of *Luftwaffe* planes and pilots on Franco's side in the Spanish Civil War, made the same discovery. They could not manage without Bloch. He had collected three million francs in compensation for the seizure of his plants. Now he found himself back at his desk running his firm as the state's administrator under its new name, *Societe Nationale des Constructions Aeronautiques du Sud-Ouest*.

Bloch operated S.N.C.A.S.O. until shortly after the outbreak of World War II. Then, in the autumn of 1939, he was dismissed. The instigator of his dismissal was Pierre Laval, later to be executed for collaborating with the Nazis as Premier of the French puppet government set up in Vichy during the German occupation. Bloch soon founded a new factory of his own at Saint Cloud to make propellers and engines, and another, which he called *Bordeaux Aéronautique*, to build a small plane. Jokingly he told Deplante, who was now SNCASO's design chief in charge of 120 engineers and draughtsmen: "One day you will build my planes." This prophecy was soon to come true.

From the start of the euphemistically named

MR. MIRAGE

Continued from page 3

"phoney war" it was obvious that the French Air Force and aeronautical industry could not catch up with Germany. The aircraft which rolled off the production lines of the nationalized industry were hopelessly outclassed both for quality and quantity by the products of Willy Messerschmitt, Junkers and Heinkel across the Rhine. France's 11,000 aircraft constituted the most powerful air force in the world in 1918. The French aircraft industry even supplied planes to the U.S. Army. But in 1939 the French could field a mere 2,500 front-line aircraft of which only one-third were of recent design and capable of challenging the *Luftwaffe's* 4,300 modern warplanes. The German Air Force outmatched the French at least five to one.

Robert Hirsch commanded the 1st Wing of the French Air Force's 31st Bomber Group during the 1939-40 campaign and is now President of *Gaz du France*, the nationalized gas utility. Major Hirsch recalls: "Equipped with Bloch 200 reconnaissance planes we were entitled to wonder, without being accused of defeatism, whether France possessed the air force which modern war required."

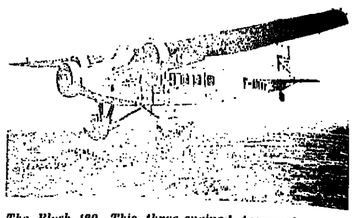
Blochs shot down

On Hirsch's first mission a week after the war began two other Bloch 200s were shot down by anti-aircraft fire over the Saar and he made a forced landing in his own in a muddy field near Verdun. The Air Ministry promptly recognized that the aircraft (188 of which had been put into service since 1936) was incapable of performing reconnaissance missions and relegated it to training, transport and target towing for aerial gunnery practice.

The new Bloch 152 fighter fared better. It was solidly built and its pilots shot down 188 enemy aircraft for the loss of 96 of their own before it was withdrawn from service in 1942.

But Colonel Victor Veuler, who commanded a French fighter wing, puts another viewpoint: "The plane has been described as a good war horse. I don't agree. It was robust, but that was its only good quality. After a solo battle with a dozen Messerschmitt 109Es, during which I shot one of them down, I got back to base. I discovered my plane was shot full of holes. There were 360 points of impact, a record which has never been beaten.

"The aircraft's defects were its limited range



The Bloch 120. This three-engined transport plane was designed in 1933 by Henri Deplante, who, after 40 years work with Marcel Dassault, is today his technical Director-General. The Bloch 120 remained in service up to the end of the Second World War. (Musée de l'Air photo)

and its mediocre manoeuvrability at height. Its performance was inferior to that of the Messerschmitt 109E. Its armament was powerful but did not work at height because of its bad heating system. Its gun sight was not up to the job either. In combat exercises we had the unfortunate surprise of discovering its bad behaviour during a steep dive. It had a tendency to plummet vertically. The pilot needed four hands to fly it under these conditions, as he had to hold the stick, operate the pitch control lever in order to prevent the engine racing, and control the elevator trim tab in order to keep on a straight course."

In May 1939, four months before the outbreak of war, the government announced that the Bloch 152 had reached a speed of 330 m.p.h. Later this was discovered to be an error due to the use of faulty measuring apparatus. The plane's top speed was 300 miles an hour. But by then the air force had already placed an initial order for a hundred of the aircraft.

After the capitulation of France in the summer of 1940, Marshal Pétain's puppet regime in Vichy decided to intern Bloch with a number of eminent French aircraft constructors and politicians. They included Paul-Louis Weiller, a leading aero engine manufacturer, and plane manufacturer Emile Dewoitine. But the Vichy authorities feared that the Germans might try to lay hands on these valuable prisoners in order to deport them to Germany or to make them work for the *Luftwaffe*. So Bloch and his companions were moved from Pellevoisin in occupied France to the so-called "Free Zone" which was administered by Vichy. There they were placed under house arrest.

During France's brief air war Bloch had fought a losing battle of his own against the inefficiency of the Air Ministry and the Air Force. Acting under orders from the Soviet Union, which had allied itself with Germany to invade and partition Poland in September 1939, Communist saboteurs wrecked his planes at the air force depot at Romarantin where they were awaiting delivery to squadrons. Maintenance crews failed to fit equipment which Bloch had provided to prevent machine-guns and reconnaissance cameras from freezing during that chilly first winter of the War. Early in May 1940, while the French press was clamouring for more aircraft, 80 Bloch fighters were standing waiting for collection at the SNCASO factory in Chateauroux. When the Germans occupied the plant a few weeks later they found scores of twin-engined aircraft at the end of the assembly line.

'Get to Britain'

While Bloch was in detention at Thiers, Deplante paid him a visit. Depressed and ailing, the prisoner still had enough energy to urge his faithful assistant: "Get together as many aeronautical engineers as you can. Take them to Britain or Canada. In this way we can preserve a nucleus of able men to rebuild the French aircraft industry after the war."

Deplante and Benno Vailliéres, who is now Dassault's Executive Managing Director, escaped across the Pyrenees to Gibraltar and with twelve companions made their way to Britain. But Deplante and Vailliéres wanted to be more actively engaged. Forsaking their drawing boards, they joined the Special Air Service, a British parachute commando unit. In the campaign which followed the D-Day invasion of France in the summer of 1944, Deplante won Britain's Distinguished Service Order and Vailliéres the Military Cross.

Marcel Bloch's brother Paul was among the first to join the resistance movement in occupied France. When General de Gaulle broadcast his historic call from London on June 18, 1940 urging France to fight on, General Bloch promptly pledged allegiance to the cause of Free France. He smuggled out this message: "I rally to the side of de Gaulle." He signed himself *"Char d' Assault"* (Assault Tank). This enigmatic *nom-de-guerre* was a reference to his unsuccessful campaign to introduce motorised armour on a massive scale into the French army as a counter to the German Panzer divisions. "Dassault" stuck with him throughout his career in the resistance. At the War's end both brothers adopted it as their legal family name.

The Vichy Government had put Marcel Bloch-Dassault under house arrest at Ecully near Lyons. He was offered his freedom if he agreed to work

(Continued on next page)

MR. MIRAGE continued from page 4

for the Nazis, but he indignantly refused. So in March 1944 he was arrested by the Germans and after a spell as a prisoner at Fort Montluc, he was transferred to Drancy, a transit centre near Paris where the Nazis screened their victims before dispatching them to deportation and death in Germany.

His wife Madeleine and their sons, Serge and Claude, were also briefly confined at Drancy. But they had been freed when on August 17, 1944 Dassault was bundled into a German army lorry with 50 other prisoners and driven to a railway station in nearby Bobigny. In the distance they could hear the rumble of artillery fire as the Allied armies converged on Paris whose liberation was now only a week away.

Henry Pohoryles, the leader of a Jewish resistance unit who had been captured a few days earlier, found himself in Dassault's company: "The Gestapo made us climb into cattle wagons. There we made the acquaintance of some people whom we had already met in detention, including Marcel Dassault. We were all very demoralized." Rabbi Rene Kapel, who later became Israel's ambassador to Guatemala, had been able to save a small book of psalms. He opened it and read: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." Then the Rabbi added confidently: "You shall see. We shall get out. It is written."

The Nazis soon became aware that Dassault was no ordinary prisoner. An S.S. doctor at Buchenwald recognized the name Bloch on a medical chart and told the camp commandant: "It's absurd to leave this man in a concentration camp. We must use this French Junkers." Dassault smiled when he heard he had been ranked with the German aircraft builder Hugo Junkers. A German Ministry of Labour official was sent to interview him. "You know how to make planes, don't you?" his interrogator demanded. "Well, I have made some for Air France," Dassault replied cautiously. The German snapped back: "Ja, but you've made fighters too."

Dassault spurned an offer of honorary Aryan status and exemption from the humiliations meted out to Jews by the Nazis if he agreed to work for them. He was then sent to a block where prisoners were awaiting orders to leave for Hanover where they were destined to be put to work on building aircraft at the Focke-Wulf factory. His companions were deportees who were mechanics by trade. Dassault never left for Hanover. Marcel Paul, a French trades union leader who after the war became Minister for Industrial Production, helped him enter the infirmary in order to avoid building planes for Hitler. But Dassault was less than fortunate in the infirmary and he fell seriously ill with diphtheria.

Reported for hanging

It was now March 1945. After a rigorous winter during which their advance towards the Rhine and through the Ardennes was halted, the Allied armies broke through into Germany. Victory and, for the hostages of Buchenwald, liberation were only a few weeks away. But at the end of the month there was sombre news for them. The S.S. issued a list of 40 prisoners who were ordered to report immediately in the camp's big courtyard — to be hanged. Dassault's name headed the list.

When he arrived in the yard, Dassault found it empty except for a carpenter who was hammering the last nails into a lofty wooden gallows and an S.S. non-commissioned officer, who was obviously the camp hangman, measuring a length of rope. The S.S. man glared at Dassault and demanded: "Where are the others?" The prisoner shook his head. He had no idea. Long minutes passed. Then the German suddenly froze with fear as a high-pitched wail rose near the camp. It was an air raid siren, a reminder that, no matter how many prisoners were killed by Hitler and his henchmen, the hour of reckoning was now very close.

"Report back to your block!" shouted the S.S. man. "Return here with the others when the all-clear is sounded." Back in his dormitory Dassault discovered that he alone among the 40 hostages had not learned through the camp grapevine of a concerted plan to defy the gibbet. Some of his companions were hiding under heaps of coats in a clothes store. Others were concealed under their bunks. But by the time the last explosion of allied bombs had died away the Nazis were no longer in the mood for a mass execution.

Instead they were planning a speedy departure before the invaders caught up with them. The guardians of Buchenwald's charnel houses knew their lot would not be a comfortable spell in an American or British prisoner of war pen but the dock of a war crimes tribunal. A week later the camp's occupants rose in revolt against their oppressors and torturers and on April 11, 1945, American and French troops liberated Buchenwald.

Dassault was in poor shape. He spent his last few days of captivity in the infirmary suffering from diphtheria. Despite massive doses of sulpha drugs, his comrades despaired of saving him. Dassault never forgot the devotion of the doctors and medical orderlies who saved his life at Buchenwald. After the War the National Federation of Deportees, Resistance Fighters and Patriots founded a clinic at Fleury-Merogis near Paris. The radiography unit, operating theatre and all the electronic equipment were the gifts of one grateful deportee, Marcel Dassault.

(To be continued)

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The GENERALS and the PARTY

by MARK SEGAL
Jerusalem Post Political Reporter

FOR the first time in the annals of this country the public has been given advance notice of the date for the changing of the guard at army G.H.Q. It was quite unprecedented for the news to have been released so far ahead: the Chief of Staff, Rav-Aluf Haim Bar-Lev, will be leaving the army in April, around Independence Day, and will not be continuing for a fifth year in office, as some had thought he might. The news was released when his "successor-designate" Aluf David Elazar, was on tour in the United States. The fact that the identity of the next Chief of Staff was announced so far in advance of his formal appointment also set a precedent.

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(Continued on page 15)

He turns that miserable animal into a robot," the woman said pityingly. "Into a soulless robot!"

Our loving glance swept over to our thoroughbred Max, tearing up a lovely embroidered pillow with her sharp teeth, just to see what was inside and exuding soul all over the place. And last night she again did what is even worse in the middle of the living room.

"Go," the woman therefore mumbled with lowered eyelids. "See Dragomir after all..."

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DRAGOMIR is a thick-set middle aged man, who understands dog language as well as King Solomon did in his heyday, but with humans he is somewhat tongue-tied, because he has been in the country only 26 years and is fluent only in Croatian.

"What this?" Dragomir asked when he first met Max. "Where you take this?"

"That does not matter now, Sir," I replied somewhat offended. Dragomir grabbed Max by the scruff of her neck and lifted her. His eyes bored into the dog's well-cushioned fuselage.

"How you feed dog?"

I told him that Max is fed four times a day soup, roast beef and noodles, or a stew in a special plastic plate we had bought her, but that she does not touch the food, and only an hour or two later when the ants march in from the garden does she walk up to the plate and lick the ants off it. In addition: cream-puffs, waffles, Turkish delight.

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I did not understand. Then I did.

"She always does in the apartment and never in the garden," I complained. "No pleading, no shouting helps. Why?"

"Dog always empties where he did first time because smell," thus the teacher. "How many times he does in house?"

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"About five hundred times."

"Boje moj," Dragomir exclaimed. "Must sell dog."

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BY afternoon the whole household was in ... The children watched Max pining away ... diaspora of the garden, linked to the inde... throwing heart-rending glances at them. ... looked so miserable, so lonely, so sad; my ... ter Ra'anana broke into bitter sobs, burs... doors and lay down next to Max in a spont... demonstration of international solidarity. H... ther Amir kept pestering me that we shou... the dog for a little while at least, but I st... firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.

"Sorry," I said, "an obedience course ... obedience course."

"For fifteen minutes," the woman implo... "five minutes..."

In the end I weakened: O.K., five minutes ... dot. Max Liberata tore into the house like ... storm and licked us uninhibitedly. She sp... night in the nursery, curled up in Amir's ... bed, and ate cakes and shoes. Dragomir ... the morning:

"How dog night?"

"Allright," I answered, "everything's fi... should be." Dragomir explained to me ...

ש בארץ...
(I AM A NEW OLEH
... Save yourself time

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life. His cool-headed, sober appraisals have also won over Premier Meir and he is known to be on excellent working terms with Mr. Dayan.

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"Mr. Netzer preferred to manipulate others, just as he never kept a car of his own, but always had someone to provide him with transportation. It would seem that today's younger functionaries are built differently and indeed they have been termed the Barons Of The Expense Account. Some of them can best be described as having been born middle-aged.

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WHILE speculation on the new Cabinet appointments was going on, the public debate on the Defence Budget reached its peak with Mr. Dayan's TV appearance. It was already apparent that the debate was not simply a duel between Mr. Dayan and Mr. Sapir — or rather the latter's followers, but a confrontation between two schools of thought. Mr. Dayan held that the Budget

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DAHAF

The GENERALS and the PARTY

by MARK SEGAL
Jerusalem Post Political Reporter

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The truthful telly

Parliamentary Report By Lea Ben-Dor

THE great TV debate was a hopeless flop. Little was said that suggested that any of the members had made a serious study of the subject, or had any very profound views. Of course there are the people who object to TV on principle: Mr. Shlomo Gross (Agudah), who still sees it as a general attack on public morals and suggests that perhaps everybody would agree to shut it down, at least for a while, leaving only the educational programmes, and Mr. Emile Habibi (New Communists) who sees it mainly as "a weapon of the establishment against the Soviet Union, its struggle for right and justice." Mr. Gross had at least forced himself to watch several "Mission Impossible" programmes to assure himself of their objectionable content. Mr. Habibi did not specify in which feature the war against the Soviet Union was being waged: perhaps it was when immigrants from Russia have been interviewed.

The strange and interesting thing is, in fact, to look back less than a decade, to the early 'sixties, when television for Israel was no more than a glint in the eye of Mr. Teddy Kollek, Jerusalem's hard-worked mayor. Everybody else claimed to despise TV. Teddy Kollek, then Director-General of the Prime Minister's Office, went around muttering that it was part of the modern world, that we could not shut ourselves away from it, that the sooner we started on it the sooner we would get good TV. There was also Mr. Shimon Peres, who did not seem likely ever to have time to watch TV, but who believed ardently that the electronics business was the key to modern industry, and that without half a million TV sets in use Israel would not become electronics-conscious. The opponents in those days were mainly in Herut. Mrs. Raziel-Naor waxed eloquent in defence of teachers whose jobs would be destroyed when TV took over the classroom, and had many anxious teachers supporting her. Today, some schools absentmindedly use the TV text-books without the screen. In all the opposition parties, there were desperate whisperings that the government must not be permitted to introduce TV programmes before the next elections, or for two months before any elections. There was a profound conviction that this was simply a government propaganda instrument that would destroy the opposition by disregarding them. Now it is the government that worries.

As originally planned TV was a government department within the Prime Minister's Office and in theory might have been wielded with a heavy hand. It proved unmanageable, and the Broadcasting Authority was set up, with a view to introducing an element of public, as opposed to government, control. It has continued to be unmanageable. It may be chance, or because after the ousting for political reasons of the first Director, Mr. Hanoch Givton, no very independent-minded candidate offered himself for a job where he would have two dozen bosses in the form of the Authority. It may be because TV staff necessarily all belong to the New generation that sees things differently from their elders, and don't see why non-TV experts should have any views on the matter. It may be, as one member pointed out in the debate, because it is technically more difficult for a TV editor to know what is in all his programmes than for a newspaper editor. It may be, as Mr. Ari Ankorion (Alignment-Mapai) said, because the bad is more interesting, and the doubtful Mr. Lansky seems worth half an hour's interview, whereas a great many most worthy people do not rate a single minute.

* * *

THE fact is that TV is a valuable medium, quite different to the press. Here, in this column I could, if I wanted, introduce lies and sly falsifications about people and it might be some time, if ever, before the public could put their finger on them. On TV, the subject himself talks, smiles, gestures, makes direct contact with the public. A politician who cannot gain the public's confidence will be well advised to stay off the medium, for the public will find him out. America was saved from fascism and McCarthyism because McCarthy himself appeared on TV in a series of his anti-Americanism hearings and the public recognised him unfailingly for what he was. We have some terrible programmes, and some good ones. But there is no danger at all of falsification, despite Knesset members' protests. There is no danger at all. Nothing a member of the TV staff could do intentionally could make an honest man sound wrong, or a dishonest one sound right. If they mock their subject, it is they who look shabby.

That does not solve the labour problems at TV House, or the strange series of disputes in which they have become involved both with their employers and with the Journalists' Association, to which they belong. TV will not become very good until a director is found with originality and ideas, and the capacity of holding the loyalty and support of his staff. It may become very bad if the staff do not realise that without some general policy no programme makes sense, and that they are fortunate to have a news editor appointed by the Broadcasting Authority rather than by the government itself. The latter would be liable to be so cautious that the news would be wholly concerned with the birds and the bees.

A Knesset member said: "What do you want? What's a newspaper nowadays, if we are to admit the truth? Everybody reads a different paper. And everybody looks at TV news. So you get a young man whose face and voice are known to the whole nation. Like Golda. Like Ben-Gurion in his day. All right, like Moshe Dayan. So he shouldn't have a swollen head? He goes to buy *mitz* and the man selling it says 'Aren't you so-and-so on TV?' and fills his glass up extra high. I believe that all this fight is a sign that they are growing up." *Inshallah*, as our cousins say. But it won't be the Knesset's doing. Most of them are still afraid of the screen.

* * *

THERE is one thing to remember. French TV is totally government-controlled, and anybody who gets out of step is fired. It is terrible, absolutely terrible. England has competition between the BBC and commercial TV, and both are about equally good. The U.S. has more competition, and some is good and much is terrible. What we need is more Israel TV, even if it takes commercials to pay for it. Or to divide the present set-up into two named competitive halves.

* * *

GERMAN Culture Week, which many peple felt was a mistake that the Foreign Ministry might have stepped in and prevented, was barely over when Mr. Benyamin Halevy (Gahal) got up on Wednesday to chew over once more the interview given by Foreign Minister Eban to Mr. David Frost, on an American TV show. He was obviously gunning for Mr. Eban, but the more of the interview he quoted, the more the one or two unfortunate phrases were placed in their perspective.

"So I don't really care," referring to the catching of a Nazi criminal, sounds very unfortunate indeed to most people. After "What can punishment do? How can there be expiation?" and more of the same, it becomes at least comprehensible, even if it is still unfortunate.

* * *

WHO doesn't "interest" Mr. Eban? Mengele (the celebrated Nazi criminal thought to be still hiding in South America) perhaps? Mr. Halevy began to read the heart-rending evidence of a witness at the Eichmann trial, who described what he experienced in Auschwitz when he was 14. Mengele had nailed up a board the height of a boy's head, and all those who were shorter, perhaps a thousand, had been sent to the gas chamber that day. It was a tale to freeze your blood, and those who heard it at the Eichmann trial have not forgotten it.

Ari Ankorion: Is this anything to do with what the Foreign Minister said?

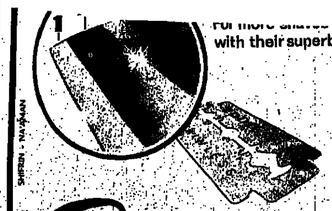
Benyamin Halevy: He is one of the wretches in South America (in whose arrest Mr. Eban said, by implication, he was "not interested".) Martin Borman is another. So it went on.

* * *

MR. Halevy is a former Supreme Court judge. Before he was elevated to the Supreme Court he was a judge in the celebrated Kastner trial (in which Mr. Shmuel Tamir, of the Free Centre, was the equally celebrated defence lawyer), and found that Kastner was entitled only to nominal damages for libel against Mr. Malkiel Greenwald, who said he collaborated with the Nazis, one of the strange reasons given being that Kastner "had sold his soul to the devil." Legal authorities at the time questioned the precise meaning in law of "soul" and "devil" and even "sold," in this connection. In a higher court, Kastner won his case, but he was murdered by two young people who came to see him as an arch-fiend. It is nearly 20 years ago, but Kastner's ghost seemed to walk in the Knesset. Mr. Halevy went on to quote at some length an account that appeared in this paper analysing the fact that the Hebrew translation of the Eban interview did not tally exactly with the English version, and that even in the English version published one or two words had been changed. It should not have been done, of course, but the more Mr. Halevy quoted, the easier it became to understand what Mr. Eban had been trying to say.

After one had been persuaded by Mr. Halevy that Mr. Eban was not so wrong after all, Mr Eban came on to reply, indignantly and seemingly unaware that Mr. Halevy unintentionally had helped to put the remarks in their proper context. His argument was that Mr. Halevy's speech had been on such a low level that he did not feel obligated to reply, as though this had been a competition in oratory. Mr. Eban kept quoting the people who had seen the TV programme and had sent him letters of congratulation. If TV cannot lie, he must be right but even on American TV he should remember his Israeli audience, which is bitter and stubborn and aching and suspicious and to this day not at all concerned with the impression it makes upon the *goyim*.

M.B.-multi bevelled



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OBEDIENCE SCHOOL

by Ephraim Kishon

MAX, our new watch-bitch, who, it will be remembered, was bought by me under most dubious circumstances, has in the meantime consolidated her absolute rule in our household. At dawn she jumps on our bed and licks our faces with a lust which completely defies reason, then without further ado, proceeds to chew up the environment. Our midget Schnauzer has by now eaten up most of our slippers, to say nothing of a considerable number of rugs, a transistor radio and a great deal of literature. About a month ago she also chewed up the northern side of my desk, whereupon I exiled her to the kitchen garden, and since then she does not dare to come into the apartment except by day and all through the night.

"Ephraim," the wife asked me, "are we training our dog as we should?"

I also had some doubts on the subject. Our thoroughbred bitch spends most of her leisure on the soft sofas and armchairs of our abode, she receives, tail wagging, every stranger who comes to our door and only starts barking madly when the little woman tries to play the piano. Besides, the children are stuffing her with chocolate and mountains of cookies, so that for a Schnauzer she looks remarkably hippopotamus-like. Besides, she always makes puddles on the living room carpet, to say nothing of worse things. To sum it all up, the dog is a little spoiled.

"Shouldn't we," I asked the wife, "shouldn't we register her in a course?"

* * *

I GOT the idea from looking at Zulu, the black German shepherd dog who lives at the end of our street and passes our house twice a day, clinging to the heels of Dragomir, the national dog trainer.

"Heel!" Dragomir shouts from time to time, "Lie down! Sit! Dismiss!..."

And that big, stupid dog obeys him like a machine, sits, jumps, dismisses as ordered. More than once we watched the humiliating spectacle through our window.

"He turns that miserable animal into a robot," the woman said pityingly. "Into a soulless robot!"

Our loving glance swept over to our thoroughbred Max, tearing up a lovely embroidered pillow with her sharp teeth, just to see what was inside and exuding soul all over the place. And last night she again did what is even worse in the middle of the living room.

"Go," the woman therefore mumbled with lowered eyelids. "See Dragomir after all..."

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DRAGOMIR is a thick-set middle aged man, who understands dog language as well as King Solomon did in his heyday, but with humans he is somewhat tongue-tied, because he has been in the country only 26 years and is fluent only in Croatian.

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"That does not matter now, Sir," I replied somewhat offended. Dragomir grabbed Max by the scruff of her neck and lifted her. His eyes bored into the dog's well-cushioned fuselage.

"How you feed dog?"

I told him that Max is fed four times a day soup, roast beef and noodles, or a stew in a special plastic plate we had bought her, but that she does not touch the food, and only an hour or two later when the ants march in from the garden does she walk up to the plate and lick the ants off it. In addition: cream-puffs, waffles, Turkish delight.

"Very bad," thus Dragomir. "Dog gets food only once in day and finish. Where dog emptios?"

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"She always does in the apartment and never in the garden," I complained. "No pleading, no shouting helps. Why?"

"Dog always empties where he did first time because smell," thus the teacher. "How many times he does in house?"

I made a quick reckoning: Max is naughty once every two hours, so in three months that adds up to...

"About five hundred times."

"Boje moj," Dragomir exclaimed. "Must sell dog."

He explained the situation to us: in a relatively brief time, with perseverance and feeling we had succeeded in bringing Max to the canine persuasion that the garden was her house and the apartment a toilet.

"Still, what could be done, Maestro?" we asked Dragomir, completely brokenhearted. "Save her, we'll pay you anything!"

"First thing, you tie dog," the national trainer laid down the law. "I bring you strong chain..."

Max looked at him with deep admiration and wagged her tail like mad. Who said that little dogs are intelligent?

* * *

ON the morrow, Dragomir showed up with an iron chain he had removed from a ship, broke the broomstick and stuck it into the ground at the end of the garden, then mercilessly tied thoroughbred Max to it.

"So," he said. "Stays like that all the time. Once a day eats a little. Nobody goes to her."

Our hearts missed a beat:

"But she will cry," I protested weakly. "She is accustomed to company, she will cry..."

"Cry, cry," thus Dragomir, "No kutchimuchi..."

He was rather frightening, Dragomir was, but he had unusual authority. Personally I did not like him because he had yellow teeth.

"But," I mumbled. "this is only an interim arrangement, isn't it?

"Why interior?"

Dragomir again suggested that we should sell the dog. This was not a midget schnauzer, he claimed, this was simply a runt, it was a pity to waste good money on it. I solemnly promised him that we would strictly adhere to his instructions, we would do anything if only he did not take the dog away...

"O.K.," Dragomir mellowed somewhat, "So, hundredfifty without receipt now here."

Max started to whimper. At long last she smelled a rat.

* * *

BY afternoon the whole household was in tears. The children watched Max pining away in the diaspora of the garden, linked to the index and throwing heart-rending glances at them. Max looked so miserable, so lonely, so sad; my daughter Ra'anana broke into bitter sobs, burst outdoors and lay down next to Max in a spontaneous demonstration of international solidarity. Her brother Amir kept pestering me that we should free the dog for a little while at least, but I stood as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.

"Sorry," I said, "an obedience course is an obedience course."

"For fifteen minutes," the woman implored me, "five minutes..."

In the end I weakened: O.K., five minutes on the dot. Max Liberata tore into the house like a snowstorm and licked us uninhibitedly. She spent the night in the nursery, curled up in Amir's featherbed, and ate cakes and shoes. Dragomir rang in the morning:

"How dog night?"

"Allright," I answered, "everything's fine, as it should be." Dragomir explained to me over the telephone that in the first stage it was very important to maintain an iron discipline.

"Rest assured, old boy," I answered into the receiver, "Once I spend a fortune on the dog's education, I want to see results!"

Dragomir calmed down. I disentangled the telephone cord from Max' teeth and turned to everyday matters, greatly relieved.

At lunchtime Amir broke through the door in a panic:

"Quick!" the vigilant child shouted. "Dragomir!"

We took Max off the piano in a jiffy, ran with her to the other end of the garden and tied her to the stick with the ship's chain. By the time the trainer arrived we were all sitting round the table eating like a well-ordered family.

"Where dog?" the national trainer asked.

"Where should it be?" thus the wife. "In its place, in the garden!"

"Very good," he said. "No release."

We mutely motioned that that was obvious. And indeed Max stayed tied up to the index until the late hours of our lunch. By the time we ate our fruit, Amir dashed out and returned her to the bosom of the family. Max was happy, though a little confused. She found it rather difficult to understand during the coming weeks why she was always being grabbed and tied to the stake whenever that gentleman who speaks so much nonsense came, and why she was taken back to the toilet once he had left. But altogether it went off quite nicely.

* * *

THAT week-end Dragomir made the mistake of his life. He showed up in the evening.

Naturally, it was again Zulu who was to blame for it. That black dog had bitten the postman in the neck, and Dragomir had been alerted at nightfall to have a man-to-man talk with the dog. And since he was in the neighbourhood, he dropped in, through the open kitchen door, and advanced unchecked to the nursery. There he found Max in close embrace with Amir in his bed, the two of them watching television and eating salt pretzels...

"This, garden?" Dragomir roared, his face beetred. "Where he tied, this?"

"Sorry," Amir pulled the blanket over his head, "We did not know you were coming..." I fled straight to the bathroom and took a cold shower underscored with hysterical shrieks, but the wife suddenly erupted with unusual firmness:

"Nothing garden, nothing tying up!" the little one shrilled straight into the face of the Balkan monster. "This is not a prisoner, Sir, this is a dog! What you take this for, a concentration camp?"

"Crazy," Dragomir dryly commented. "She will always do it inside."

"Let her! I clean up after her, not you!..."

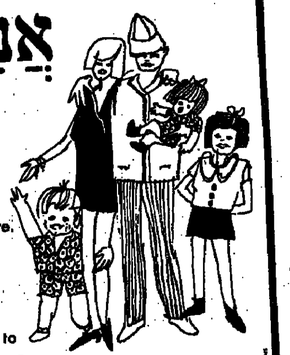
And she kicked that amateur down the stairs.

* * *

SINCE then Max again infiltrates our sofas legally, and the wife runs after her with a ready rag. And the dog again eats four or five times a day, is very free and also very fat and we talk to her three time in day, and no garden and finish.

Translated by Yohanan Goldman. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv"

אני עולה...
חדש בארץ
(I AM A NEW OLEH)



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SOCIAL BENEFITS HELP DEMOCRACY IN EAST JERUSALEM

East Jerusalem, formally a part of Israel for the past four years, has to a large extent remained a society of its own. Village women stride around in bright, baggy, embroidered dresses, and the market, in spite of Israeli canned goods, probably looks much as it did 30 years ago. However, even the women themselves — and their families — have been affected by Israel, in some ways superficially, but in some ways quite deeply. A major area where their way of life has been affected, has been that of social security, and its agency, the National Insurance Institute.

by Susan Bellos

Lining up for National Insurance payments in East Jerusalem.

JORDAN, says 42-year-old Hisham Nashef, the Israeli Arab economist who directs the National Insurance branch in East Jerusalem, is "a semi-feudal society." Israel, he did not say, but would most likely agree with, is a society that strives towards egalitarianism. In Jordan, he pointed out, certain gestures were made in that direction, such as officially paid maternity leave, but this had little significance, for almost no young mothers went out to work, and leave could only be taken with the consent of the employer. There was, on paper, also compensation for work accidents, but this again depended on the employer. This law, like insurance in general, was hampered by other considerations.

If a man is killed, for example in a work accident or a car crash, a *sulha* (formal settlement of a quarrel) has to be arranged between the two families or parties concerned, Mr. Nashef explained. The object of the offending party is to offer as much money as possible, and the object of the injured family is to refuse, for "no money could possibly compensate us for our son-husband." While this may be psychologically satisfying it often meant that a large family was left in want. This area is also awkward ground since it stems from entirely emotional calculations and it is difficult to start building up some of the rational ideas of social progress which are expressed in social security.

* * *

NATIONAL Insurance set up its offices in East Jerusalem in January 1968 after two months of radio announcements and advertisements in the press. Hundreds of people turned up on the first day, Mr. Nashef said, "because they had heard that there was money." There is indeed money to be had from National Insurance, and this has been the major motivating factor in getting the East Jerusalem population so closely involved with an Israeli institution.

The average East Jerusalem family, Mr. Nashef pointed out, lives on income that is below the Israeli poverty line. Today, the average wage in East Jerusalem is IL350 (July 1971), as compared to IL225 in January 1968, and which is much below most Israeli wages. As a result, the National Insurance Institute tries to bring incomes up to par with a whole battery of increments, which include large family allowances, the cost of living allowance, the special allowance for low-salaried employees and workers' children's allowances. All these complicated and overlapping allowances add up to 60 per cent in additions to the average East Jerusalem pay-packet. Apart from redistribution of income, which is what most of these allowances are about, the office also sees to work accident claims, compensation for victims of hostilities and pensions for women. (East Jerusalem men will not be eligible for pensions until next year.)

The only East Jerusalem families who do not come along to register for benefits, Mr. Nashef thinks, are those from "the upper class." It's not that low-income families are any less nationalist, he remarked. "It's just that the rich ones can allow themselves the luxury of not cooperating with an Israeli institution." As it is, Mr. Nashef believes that 90 per cent of all eligible large families come along to register, and since the average family in East Jerusalem has "six-plus children, this probably means 90 per cent of all families."

The main clients of National Insurance in East Jerusalem are women, and Mr. Nashef believes that this has led to social changes and changes in the relationship between husbands and wives. This has probably been the first time in their lives, Mr. Nashef pointed out, that ordinary Arab mothers of large families have come into contact with offices, clerks, cheques and forms. It has also been the first time that cheques have been made out to them in their own names.

Mr. Hisham Nashef, who heads the National Insurance Bureau in East Jerusalem.

There have been changes in behaviour over the past three years, he noted. Husbands, though they were not averse to an increase in the family income, did not like the idea of a cheque in their wife's name, and they would also balk at signing up forms with their wives. Sometimes a mother anxious to register for a birth grant would have to be turned away, as she could not get her husband to give her his identity card number, he recalled. In the beginning, Mr. Nashef says, "you could see husbands and wives on the days we paid out family allowances queuing up together at the Post Office. The money was paid out to the wife, but she handed it over to her husband immediately. But you don't see so much of that these days."

Most women, Mr. Nashef believes, spend their family allowances on buying clothing for their children or general household expenses ("or so my merchant friends on Sallah e-din Street tell me on pay day"), but there are still women who spend it on jewellery, the traditional form of saving.

One thing that has helped National Insurance get going in East Jerusalem is the fact that it is just across the road from a maternity hospital. Some 70 per cent of East Jerusalem babies are born at the Red Crescent Hospital, which operates with National Insurance, in fact they are directed from there to go across the road and sign up for their birth grants. Birth grants are not, of course, only available to married women, but Mr. Nashef points out that "unmarried mothers are very rare in East Jerusalem." He recalls only two claims from unmarried mothers over the past two and a half years. "Of course these births never take place in East Jerusalem because the mother would be exposed to permanent disgrace." In those cases, the applications were sent by a West Jerusalem hospital to the office and they were "sent to me only because everybody else here is from East Jerusalem and they might know the girl or her family."

About 150 women come into the office every day, and Mr. Nashef points out that "one of our most acute problems with the public is that they don't understand the different kinds of benefits." Most members of the Israeli public, including sophisticated Western newspaper readers, find National Insurance benefits a slightly nightmarish procedure. The Institute tries hard with jolly little announcements over the radio and lavish advertisements in the newspapers, to inform the public of its rights, but it is an uphill battle, partly because there seem to be so many tricky, overlapping bits of benefits.

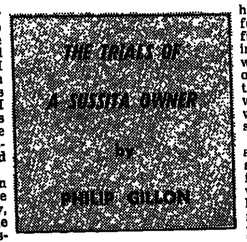
Nashef, who is a sophisticated Hebrew University graduate from Taybeh with years of work in the Histadrut behind him, says things are ten times worse in East Jerusalem. "Whenever people come in I ask them what they want and they all just say *'ta'amin'* (insurance) and that's it. We have to sit down and start asking, 'Have you given birth to a child recently,' or 'Do you have three or more children'?" Nashef, who feels an outsider to a certain extent in East Jerusalem, says that "I always try and get my staff to explain everything patiently because that's the best way."

Information campaigns through the media, he says, are "all right but the best method is the face to face explanation, then lectures before women's groups. It doesn't work out very well if you announce over the radio to "come and get your family allowances in two weeks time, as people forget." However, he emphasizes, "educating people to a consciousness of social security isn't a question of nationality, you know, it's purely socio-economic."

* * *

WELFARE agencies have existed for a long time in Jordan and after the Six Day War there were quite a few well-trained social workers in the West Bank and in East Jerusalem, for the idea of helping the poor was not new. The only innovation that Israel may have contributed is the idea of rehabilitation rather than mere sustenance for the poor and disadvantaged. However, National Insurance has brought in the totally new idea of income redistribution and has shown that it means business. Money is there for large, low-income families and the Institute has gone to court, and won, against employers who, in the beginning, did not pay their contributions. This in itself has probably not only helped the position of women in East Jerusalem, but has gradually contributed to the making of a more democratic society.

OF CAR FIRMS AND CAR THIEVES



GREAT indignation has been voiced in Israel about the refusal of Leyland of England to bail Autocars out of the mess the firm got into as a result of paying off Ephraim Ilin to go broke with a few million in public money. Heaven forbid, in the light of what Ernest Bevin did to the Jews in the 'forties, that I should defend an English firm, but I must admit that the Israeli end of the operation seems to me to leave much to be desired.

I drove the first type of "Israel-made" Sussita, with a Ford engine, for five years, and have driven the second type, with a Triumph engine for three. Both engines have been wonderful. Shubinsky's idea of using light fibre-glass bodies, which makes it possible for several portly people to travel in comfort in a low horsepower car, was marvellous. The price, in the mathematician's nightmare to the power of affinity that is the Israeli market, was fabulous. But the Israeli materials and workmanship remind me of that sad period when the Philistines were knocking the daylight out of our forefathers because "there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel."

For instance, I had a disconcerting experience when I first tried to change a flat tyre. The "Sussita" provision for jacking up the car is a very good one; it has four high sockets at convenient intervals on the sides of the car, so it is unnecessary to get down on one's hands and knees. But there is a slight difficulty. As I turned the tricky little handle of the jack, the car did not rise an inch; instead the jack began to curve, and went on curving ever more, until it looked first like a bandy-legged cowboy in a Western, then like Robin Hood's bow, then like a starlet's figure.

I borrowed a real jack from a "puncture-maker" — an excellent Israeli word that — and changed the wheel. Then I went to the Sussita repair shop with my gracefully curved jack. Yes, I was told, that often happens to Sussita jacks; it's better to get an imported one.

So I spent IL80 on a jack made of real iron, and was all set to change a wheel, if necessary. But it was not so simple. Again the car did not soar upward, although the jack held as firm and straight as a cedar in a Keren Kayemet forest; the trouble now was that the socket bent, and bent and bent. Once more I called in the "puncture-maker." This time I bought a Japanese hydraulic jack; to use it, I had to crawl underneath the car, an easy matter for a Japanese, although not for me. But the Japanese certainly make a jack that lifts a car.

The Sussita is admirably designed to carry several substantial citizens, but the metal bed of the seats is not quite as certain what load Middle East iron can be expected to bear. After all, is not this the traditional home of the camel and the donkey? And do not these poor creatures suddenly take rests in the middle of the desert? So with the Sussita seat — every now and then the driver finds he is sitting in the air, with the seat floating beneath him, as the metal collapses.

None of this really maimed my satisfaction with the Sussita. Then the metal catches on the little windows next to the driver broke off. I was told they could not be mended; I had to instal complete new windows. But no Sussita agent in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv or Ashkelon had such windows; I would have gone to Haifa, but the man in Ashkelon said the head office didn't have any either, the only man who could help me was a little glazier who had a small workshop down a lane, somewhere off Rosh Pinna Road in Ramat Gan. He drew me a map, but my map-reading seems to have been off; I never found the little man, and so drove around with unclosed little windows, which is of course illegal and an invitation to thieves. I consoled myself with the Russian proverb, "The poor man laughs in the face of the robber"; I assumed that Israeli thieves would concentrate on cars more suitable for their noble profession, like the Mercedes Benz and Buicks and so on.

Unfortunately, devaluation seems to have forced down the standard of living of everybody, even that of thieves, and one night in Ashkelon the car disappeared. It was missing for a week.

During this period I made an interesting discovery — Israelis are very fond of thieves. That idiotic remark of Brenner or some other literary giant, who exulted that we were a normal people when he saw a newspaper report of a theft, seems to have set a habit for moronic tolerance. When I mentioned to people that I spent my entire carless week at the Western Wall praying that the thief would have an accident, and break the hasp of his back, and linger on for three years in great agony, even if this involved damage to my car, everyone was very shocked. They said the thief was probably some poor soldier boy, who was late getting back to camp somewhere in Sinai, and so had "borrowed" the car as my contribution to the war effort.

The police found the car, but not the thief, a week later in Ashkelon. The hand-brake had been torn off its hinges — but that was certainly not the fault of the poor thief, the brake is made of Israeli metal, and has to be handled with the delicacy of a butterfly's kiss. Incidentally, the poor soldier boy is now walking to Suez with my Japanese jack in his pack, because he took it out of the car as a memento of his merry little escapade.

And I am still praying...

The law stipulates now that one has to have a look device joining clutch and steering wheel. At all times I was anxious to have this, but, for weeks after the law was passed, it was unobtainable. In the end I did get one, for a mere IL40. I saw a similar one, made of the finest Israeli steel, looking like the kind of handcuff that would have baffled Houdini, which cost IL75. But I was put off it when the garage man showed me that he could bend the hook apart with his little finger.

A colleague bought another kind, a sort of clasp which goes over the steering-wheel. When he gave a hitch to an Air Force mechanic, the latter saw the proud device, and laughed, and showed the driver how one could just squeeze it, and give a bit of a pull, and it fell open. The mechanic commented sagely: "Locks are only against honest people."

As against the trouble with the little windows, no big windows can be opened, because in my car either the glass or the socket has warped. So it all balances, I suppose.

* * *

MY sufferings are slight compared to those of another colleague, Alex Zvieli, who has a Taunus car. He lives in Jerusalem's Rehov Ibn Gabirol, just near the Ministry of Transport, where there is a policeman on duty at all times to see that nobody uses the parking-places on the side of the road which are reserved for the Ministry.

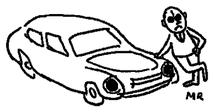
One night thieves came and cut the two headlamps out of the car using oxy-acetylene torches to do so. To get a job of this dimensions done in an Israeli garage would normally take three or four days: assuming that thieves work faster and more efficiently than honest mechanics, Alex reckons they must have worked for at least a couple of hours. Nobody saw them. Thieves are like that. When I was at a kibbutz, it took five men, two boys and a German shepherd dog a morning to move two cows from one stable to another, with an awful amount of bellowing: Jordanian infiltrators stole three cows and got them quietly across the border 30 kms. away, in no time.

Well, Alex was philosophical about it; after all this was the third time his lamps had gone. Back he went to the agent, only to find that things had changed since the last theft of his lamps.

The agent had cut down on his stock of spare parts, and no longer had such lamps. It would take three months to get them from Europe in the normal way. If Alex wanted to drive his car at night, he could of course get lamps sent to him, by air, but this would involve paying, not only air freight, but also, for some mysterious reason, double duty to the Government. Cost of lamps — IL1,500.

The price is significant to Alex because he had once bought a second-hand Taunus in Italy for $370, and had travelled all around Europe in it, and sold it back in Italy for practically the same price. But of course the price structure in Israel is somewhat different from that of other lands.

So he went to his insurance company. Oh, no, they couldn't pay anything like IL1,500. They would pay him the official market price of the lamps, as if lamps were on the market, which admittedly they weren't, less a substantial deduction for depreciation because his stolen lamps had been used for a few years since the last theft. Ergo, their payment would be less than the first IL200 he had to bear, and, in any case, don't you install a burglar alarm, said the chief. Then, the moment somebody tampers with the car, the alarm goes off, and the police come running.



An excellent idea. So he went to a car parts firm, and bought an alarm for IL285, suitable for a Taunus. But this, of course, didn't include installation; the firm is not concerned with such minor matters. So he had to find an electrician, no easy thing to do in these days. Luckily, he knew a man who knew a man who knew the cousin of an electrician, and so eventually he got one. The only trouble was that he had been given a six-volt alarm, and his car was a 12-volt car. Back he went to the firm to change it, only to be told that they did not have such a thing as a 12-volt alarm. What did he mean, he wanted to return the lamp and to get his money back? He had bought it, hadn't he? If it didn't fit his car, he should change the car.

He went round all the spare part shops in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, and eventually found two lamps that more or less resembled Taunus headlamps, although the metal of one melted when they welded it into the car, and now his car has an odd, cock-eyed look, as if it suffered from amblyopia, but he has at least saved IL1,500.

In Uruguay or some such country, he says, people advertise in the newspapers for thieves to bring them such and such a part, no questions asked, and so car parts are kept circulating. The time seems to have come for the *Jerusalem Post* to open such a section in its "Classified Advertisements" column.

Of course, people high in the Government will no doubt point out that citizens would avoid all this suffering if they faced the fact that motoring is intended to be a luxury in Israel for the very rich, Government officials, retired members of the Mafia, and oil advisers. The only trouble is that, however terrible motoring is here, travelling by Egged is worse.

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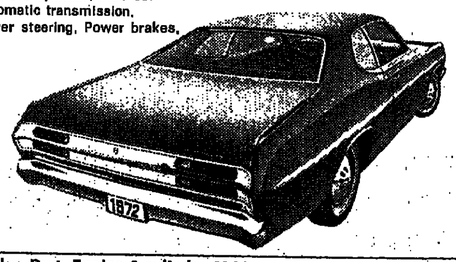

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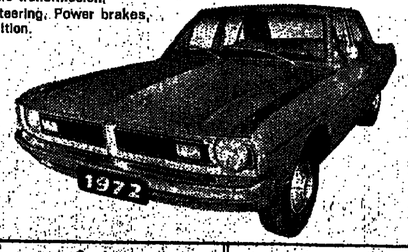
Heater-Defroster, Reclining seats,
2 Sun-visors,
Steering lock.

Dodge Dart, Engine 6 cylinder 3700 cc.
Automatic transmission.
Power steering, Power brakes,
Air-condition.



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The power of sexual fantasy

THEATRE
Mendel Kohansky

THEODORE by Eric Schneider, translated by Ada Ben-Nahum, at Habimah. Directed by Nico Nitai, designed by Joe Karl.

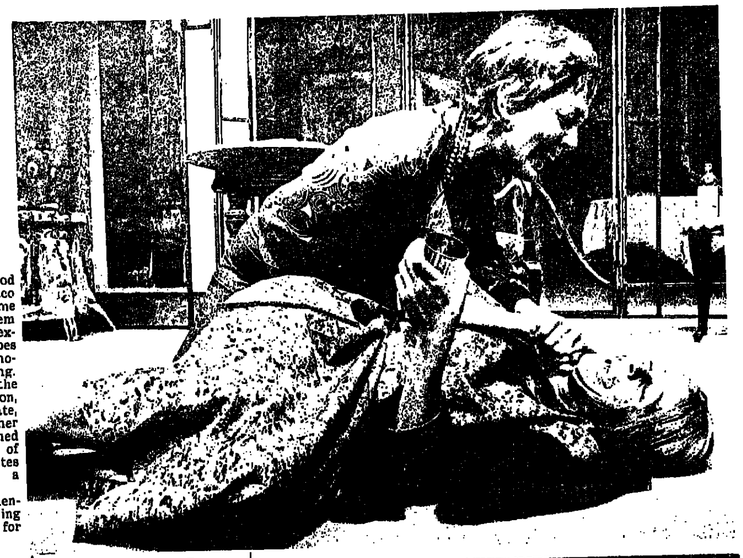
THEODORE is a play about three sisters living out their frustrated lives in the musty house left to them by their parents: a domineering mother and an alcoholic, skirt-chasing father. Childhood with such parents has taken a heavy toll of all; Kora, the eldest, who had made one unsuccessful attempt at romance, has settled down to the quiet desperation of spinsterhood and a safe government job; Bertha is a lesbian and an alcoholic; Liza is the family drudge, waiting on her two older sisters hand and foot, spinning her erotic dreams in the cloistered seclusion of her home.

The uneasy balance is upset by the arrival of Judy, their American niece. Bertha promptly conceives a passion for the pretty girl, while the latter takes up with Theodore, her aunts' neighbour, an elderly bachelor who is both Kora's erstwhile swain and the object of Liza's dreams. In a dramatic denouement, after Theodore has died of a heart attack in bed with the girl, we find out that the dreamboat of three women — also the son of a domineering mother — had all those years been impotent. The tragedy removes all inhibitions and the three sisters, with the niece participating, tell each other some bitter truths they had kept bottled up inside themselves through the years. Then the girl leaves, and everything returns to *status quo*, except that everybody is a bit wiser — whatever good that may do them.

As the above synopsis purports to show, Theodore is a neatly constructed formula play of the kind made popular by a slew of Broadway playwrights, with a more or less familiar cast of characters, especially the castrating mother (who does not appear on stage; neither does Theodore). It does not, though, come up to the standards of such a master of the genre as William Inge, for instance and it certainly lacks the poetry of the genre's father, Tennessee Williams. There are holes in the plot, there are some inconsistencies, there are scenes which strain the audience's belief, and dialogue which leads nowhere.

The play's strong point is the clear delineation of characters, which gives the quartet of women the opportunity to deliver good performances, and, under Nico Nitai's competent direction, some of them do. Chief among them is Batya Lancet who in the exacting role of Bertha, goes through a great deal of emotion but stops short of hamming. Yael Druyanov plays the drudge with much conviction, though she tends to exaggerate, and Shoshana Duer delivers her customary competent, restrained performance as the oldest of the three. Tikva Mor completes the all-female quartet with a rather colourless performance.

Joe Karl designed an authentic-looking set of a musty living room — a proper setting for blighted lives.



Batya Lancet and Yael Druynnov (on the floor) in a scene from THEODORE.

Study in violence

THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX, and LINE by Israel Horowitz, translated by Rivka Meshulam presented by Tzavta and the Cameri, directed by Edna Shavit.

THE Indian Wants the Bronx is a chilling study in pure violence. A dignified, polite Hindu, on his first night in a strange town, is accosted and brutally assaulted by two local boys. The scene is familiar from newspaper headlines — New York's hoodium-infested streets. Thus when we first see the Indian who does not know a word of English approached by a boy who is obviously looking for action, we immediately expect violence, especially when the boy is joined by another, obviously violent character. The theme thus established, the author proceeds to build up tension with enormous skill, as the boys play a cruel cat-and-mouse game with their victim during which they reveal themselves, one a moron with some good impulses and the other a pure sadist, joined in a relationship of mutual dependence with homosexual overtones. The tension eventually reaches such a pitch that the brutal ending comes as a relief.

The second play of the evening, Line, is more complicated and less hard hitting. Five people stand in line, fighting for their places, each trying to outwit or outpush the others in order to get ahead. The only woman in the line also utilizes the situation to have her way with four men, including her husband (this is done discreetly off-stage, with explicit comments from the onlookers on stage). The trickery and pushing culminate in a wild scramble, at the end of which each of the five sets up his own line in which he can be first. Line is hilariously comic in a ribald way, and fun to watch.

The laurels of the evening belong to Edna Shavit, who has done a beautiful job of directing two plays which would amount to little under less-than-excellent direction, especially the invention of movement to fit the text. It is a tribute to her that a guest who knows little Hebrew easily followed the action. The cast consists of Yosef Carmon, Yosef Yablonka, Rachel Levi, Shlomo Vishinsky, Albert Cohen. They all do their best and look and sound authentic. Tivka Meshulah's Hebrew text has the required zing.

Shimon Yisraeli (right) and Oshik Levy (left) stars of OH: WHAT A PORT, with Yehoshua Peretz, real life "boss" of Ashdod Port.

OH, WHAT A BORE..

OH: WHAT A PORT by Shimon Israeli and Yoram Matmor, lyrics by Dan Almagor, music by Moshe Wilensky, directed by Yosef Millo.

OH: What a Port is a musical designed to become a runaway hit like "Casablan." The show has many ingredients which ought to draw an audience: social conflict, tension between Ashkenazim and Sephardim, the colourful background of the Haifa harbour and the people who work there. What it lacks is the stuff of which good musicals are made, and I am not going to define that, because I do not know what it is. I can only record my personal impression: boredom much of the time, and the consciousness of all the blood, sweat and tears that went into the preparation of the show.

Oh: What is the story of the friendship between two stevedores: the kind hearted, clumsy, self-sacrificing, not very smart Ashkenazi Baruch, and the charming, handsome, smart Moroccan Jacquo. There is nothing Baruch would not do for Jacquo, even to go to jail for him — twice. For which the other repays him by betraying his class, as he starts a romance with the daughter of the port manager, an exploiter of the working class, and an Ashkenazi to boot. In his black ingratitude, Jacquo even goes so far as to get himself an education, which will send him up the social ladder. I shall not go into details of that dastardly scheme.

There are two or three tunes in the musical which fall easy on the ears, and two or three scenes which fall easy on the eye, and the dialogue occasionally comes up with a good line, but most of the time it drags along, its social conflict becoming phonier and phonier as the plot develops.

The show's main asset is two engaging performers: Shimon Israeli with his heavy, masculine charm and rich deep voice; and Oshik Levi, his light footed, pleasant-mannered opposite. On the female side there is Adi Kaplan playing Zivale, the stevedores' darling, her sole asset being an overstuffed bra, and Hanna Millet, who as Jacquo's girl-friend has less to contribute.

The set and costumes by Etti Melman are routine, but enlivened by coloured backdrop photographs, the work of Itzhak Nofach Moses.

MEA SHEARIM

TORA AND FLORA

THE name of the famous stronghold of unbending, inflexible, old fashioned orthodoxy has nothing to do with gates. It occurs in this week's portion and belongs entirely to the world of flora. We get the first mention of the planting of grain by the Patriarchs, "and Isaac sowed in that year, and found in the same year Mea Shearim," which means a hundred measures (cf. the word "shiur"), "and the Lord blessed him." The accepted literal meaning of the verse is that the crop was so abundant that every grain of wheat (presumably, the Bible does not specify what grain it was — wheat or barley) planted produced a hundred, and Hertz' commentary to the Bible quotes a certain Weisstein to the effect that "In the rich lava soil of the Houran, wheat is said to yield on the average 80 fold, and barley 100 fold." If indeed that is an "average" then there seems to be little point in making special mention of it, and it is interesting to note how the various rabbinical commentators attempt to turn the possibly normal into the near miraculous.

The most rational of them is the Midrash, which reads almost like a comment on the above-quoted statement. The fact is that it was not in the "rich lava soil of Houran" that Isaac sowed, but in the coastal plain, and the year, it seems, was one of drought (cf.v.1) and the Midrash (quoted by Rashi) points out that the remarkable aspect of that bountiful crop, which may have been natural "in the rich lava soil of Houran," was that it was "in poor land and in a year of drought."

The otherwise strictly rational commentator Rashbam goes further. He interprets the verse to mean that it produced not a hundred-fold of the "investment," but a hundred-fold of the normally expected crop. "A field which was estimated to produce one kor, produced a hundred," while Hezekiah b. Manoah, the author of the commentary called Hizzekuni, interprets the rabbinic statement that the purpose of Isaac's measurement was not to gloat over his increase but in order to determine the amount of tithe that he had to give, to mean that that tithe was a hundred fold of the amount of seed planted, and thus the real increase was a thousand fold.

The intensive experiments being undertaken by agricultural scientists to increase the wheat yield in the world is one of the outstanding phenomena of modern agricultural science. In theory, if not alas in fact, they were preceded centuries ago by these imaginative commentaries on the Mea Shearim of the Bible!

L.I. RABINOWITZ.

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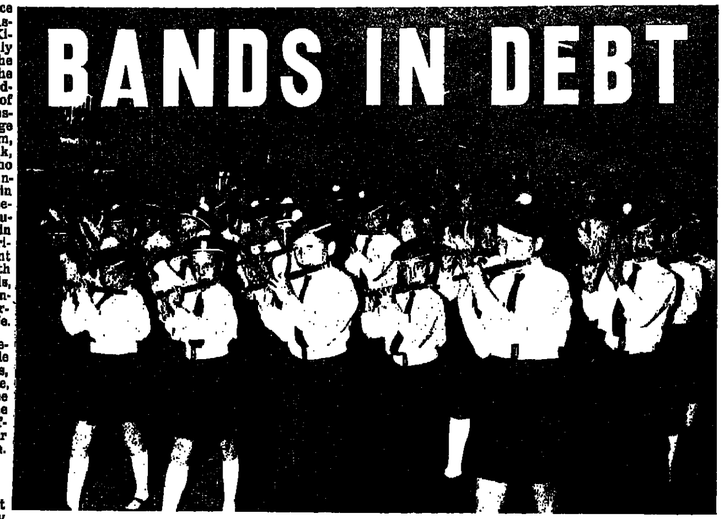
BANDS IN DEBT



BY YOHANAN BOEHM

THE Sixth National Conference of the Israel Wind Band Association which convened at Kiryat Ono this week was primarily occupied with worries about the acquisition of instruments for the bands of their members. Attended by directors and conductors of wind bands, mainly youth orchestras, representatives of large bands like Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Ramat Gan, Acre, Kiryat Bialik, were joined by instructors who work at building up and maintaining fairly new organizations in Ramle, Yahud, Holon, Rishon Lezion, Beisan and Arad. Thousands of young pupils, mainly in the early teens, from underprivileged families and development towns, get their first contact with music in and through these bands, and the social and educational impact of these activities overflows into school and family life.

The city councils, local and regional councils, which provide budgets for these organizations, do not have much money to spare, and not all consider the existence of local bands essential to the extent that they make special efforts to provide enough funds for their maintainance and expansion.

A.M.L.I. gifts

Until last year, a very great help — and for many the only source — was the "Americans for Music Libraries in Israel" (A.M.L.I.) Organization, founded 20 years ago by Fanny and Max Targ of Chicago. Putting their motto "Brotherhood through music" into practical terms, they shipped music, accessories and instruments collected in the U.S. in large quantities as gifts to Israel. The distribution was handled through the Ministry of Education and Culture and a public committee supervised its work. Only transport, customs and handling had to be paid by the recipients (about a third or even as little as a fourth of the current market price for new instruments). Not only the bands of the Army and the Police profited, but especially new, poor organizations in development towns which would otherwise not have been in a position to teach thousands of youngsters an instrument.

Following a "denunciation" from a dealer who feared competition to his trade, an official inquiry was held into the affairs of A.M.L.I. While it did not disclose any malpractices, it influenced the founders to close down the operation. They maintain that gifts from people to people, specially youngsters, do not have to be highly taxed by customs, the less so as all the recipient bodies are public organizations, like local councils, schools, etc. Although A.M.L.I. continues undeterred in its support of music libraries and wants to spread into the allocation of scholarships, the precious source of instruments has dried up, and the bands in the country face a situation which can easily lead to the disbandment of many as replacement of instruments at current prices seems beyond reach. A simple trumpet or a clarinet, for example, costs at least IL500-600 and better ones over IL1,000; saxophones between IL1,200 and IL1,800; a baritone saxophone about IL2,800; a tuba nearly IL3,000. And there are rumours that prices will rise further in the not-too-distant future.

It seems to be up to the authorities in the Ministry of Education and Culture to embark on a generous and farsighted policy which acknowledges the importance these bands have for education and social integration: in practical terms: a release from customs in one form or another so that the flow of gift instruments from the U.S. can be resumed.

OUR survey of chamber music activities in the big cities has inspired sources in Rehovot and Beersheba to inform us of their activities. Rehovot has run a series of chamber music concerts for several years. Being in the lucky position of having one of the finest little halls in the country (the Wix Auditorium), the Rehovot concerts always attract many lovers of good music, not only from Rehovot itself but also from neighbouring localities and settlements. This year, five concerts are offered for a IL25 subscription, with the possibility of substantial reductions for students, soldiers and organized groups from kibbutzim or moshavim.

The series opens on November 27 with a programme presented by the Israel Chamber Ensemble; other programmes will include Trios and String Quartets (our "Poster" page will carry announcements).

Beersheba will this year have a series of eight subscription concerts at Beit Ha'am, presented by the Music Circle and the Municipality, in conjunction with the "Concert Circuit," maintained by the America-Israel Cultural Foundation and the Culture for the People Programme. For IL20 subscribers can choose six out of the eight programmes; the concerts are scheduled once a month, starting this month. The artists include the "Pro Musica" Chamber Orchestra, from Haifa, a group presenting music from the Renaissance, the Philharmonic Wind Quintet, a Jazz Workshop, a Sextet, Mindru Katz in a solo recital and the "Rinat" Chamber Choir.

* * *

THE "Concert Circuit" has expanded its activities considerably this year. Comparative figures show that the number of concerts rose from 170 last year to 300 planned for this season, to be held in 40 centres (as against 29 last year). The system of subscriptions has been extended from 10 to 17 localities, and the number of performing artists rose from 52 to 100, organized in 30 programmes (before only 17). Pioneering efforts in Upper Galilee have been consolidated, and there are now some 1,500 subscribers in this region, with 150 in Kiryat Shmona alone.

* * *

THE Israel Composers Fund, founded by Recha Freier in 1958, has been instrumental in creating 67 new compositions by Israeli composers till the end of 1970. Chosen by a panel of experts, composers were given commissions without any conditions imposed on the kind or form or content of their work; most of the works were subsequently performed in Israel and abroad. The main contribution enabling the Fund to carry out its mission came in the past from the Cultural Division of the Ministry of Education. As the Public Council for the Arts, a sub-organization of this Division, gets allocations for the same purpose, a decision has been taken to discontinue subsidies to the I.C.F. In future only the Public Council will invite composers to write new works. The I.C.F. will, nevertheless, continue its activities and will concentrate on preparing material collected in the Phonothek of the Hebrew University and private collections for inclusion in pedagogical publications, which the Israel Music Institute will then prepare and publish.

* * *

SERGIU Comissiona this week conducted a concert in London for the Park Lane Group at Queen Elizabeth Hall, in which the London Sinfonietta performed *inter alia* Oedoen Partos' "Shiluvim," for viola and chamber orchestra, and Sergiu Natra's "Music for Harpsichord and Six Instruments."

* * *

OUR correspondent from Amsterdam informs us that Uri Segal conducted the Amsterdam Philharmonic Orchestra recently. His presentation of Bruckner's Third Symphony drew positive reviews. The "Handelsblad-N.R.C." wrote: "The 27-year-old Israeli conductor made a thoroughly favourable impression. During the full hour of the duration of the symphony there was never a trace of relaxation of his concentration, but no over-tension either. With an inner serenity and an absolute ascendancy Uri Segal built up the symphony, and the Amsterdam Philharmonic Orchestra reacted with a rare refinement of sound to the views of the guest conductor."

* * *

MIRIAM Fried, First Prize-winner in the Queen Elisabeth of Belgium Concours earlier this year, gave a chamber music concert at the recital hall of the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam a fortnight ago. Most reviewers expressed doubt about Miriam Fried's talent for chamber music, after she had made a most excellent impression as soloist in the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto with the Amsterdam Philharmonic, shortly after winning the contest. "Het Parool" wrote:

"It was clear from the outset that we were listening to a great violinistic talent, with an excellent technique, with self-assurance, full of fighting spirit. But it is another matter whether these qualities are adequate to satisfy in sonatas with piano cooperation." And the "Handelsblad-N.R.C." expressed the opinion that, "Whether Miriam Fried will indeed grow into a star must be left to the future. For the time being, she may best be characterized as a very normal talent with very great possibilities. What she is able to do, and what she is still unable to do, is entirely in accordance with her youth. In the purely technical field, she performs miracles; but this in itself is no longer a miracle nowadays. Her warm, cultured tone, however, is something very special, though, after five minutes, the ungrateful ear gets used to this cantability and accepts its very presence as something self-evident, unless all this is placed into the service of a superior art of performing. However, Miriam Fried has not yet reached this stage."

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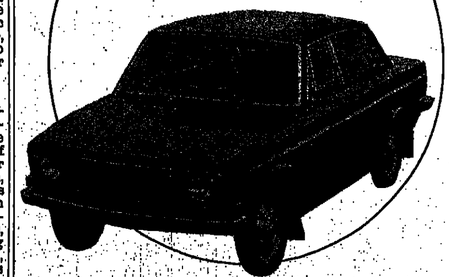

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PHILIP GILLON'S TELEREVIEW

HOW wonderful it was to see Fleur, thinly disguised as Becky Sharp, once more among us; we have been missing her. "Vanity Fair" made me realize that most of my life I've wondered vaguely who Fleur reminded me of: it was of course Becky, brilliant, beautiful, witty and wicked. Both of them are now fused forever in Susan Hampshire. I am waiting all agog for her to come out with her incomparable philosophy, "I think I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year." It seems to me that this may apply in England, but nobody can accuse any of our Israeli racketeers of doing what they do just for the sordid money, they really show genuine enthusiasm for the game for the game's sake.

We can now look forward to our Friday nights with the same relish with which we waited for the Forsytes; with delight we are entering Thackeray's world of the goodies and the baddies, performing in the framework of British society in the time of the first gang of Hanoverian Georges. As I savoured the sardonic eye and speech with which the B.B.C. caught so exactly the style of Thackeray, I could not help reflecting how much better the British make films than anybody else, particularly the French. The English have a style and a flair that is way beyond the heavy hands of those whom Kipling called "lesser breeds without the law." It was perhaps unfortunate that our television has been hitched to an American star.

In justice to Television House, they seem to have realized this, at least as far as the children are concerned: the young are being fed some excellent British cakes and ale, which we can surreptitiously share. Gerald Durrell, "Treasure Island," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Dr. Doolittle," the weaving of Scots tweed in a farmhouse — that's the stuff to give the cadets. And for good measure Churchill is being thrown in on Wednesday nights, which is more than ever the perfect night for Jerusalem viewers: Durrell, "Peyton Place" on Jordan, Churchill, a film (often British; and "The Persuaders" on Jordan.

Sometimes I wonder why the Americans don't turn out a stream of films based on their classics, in the way that the British do: there are enormous quantities of gold in them thar hills. If I remember correctly, even Henry James' "Portrait of a Lady," that excellent serial, was an expatriate production.

Talking of American films, the great mystery in Ironside is how Ed Brown ever made sergeant. Put him to shadow somebody, and that party gets away; set Ed as a guard for a guy, and both Ed and the guy get beaten up by hoodlums; he can't even make good coffee. I suppose he must be the son of Chief Ironside's second cousin, once removed.

* * *

THE Friday night's Week that Was ("Not Everything Gets By") had some marvellous moments, particularly Arye Orgad as a hairdresser. He had one viewer crying from laughter. Remembering how well he performed on April Fool's Day as a traffic cop? I can't help wondering whether he isn't wasting his time as a newscaster, very good though he is in this role. But newscasters are not as rare as people who can make us laugh, like Shai K. Ophir and Sami Molcho, whom we saw the other night in a remarkable Austrian surrealistic short about time and relativity.

Kishon's piece about how to gain friends and win popularity by being defeated, which seemed so funny and wryly true years ago, somehow did not stand up to a Saturday TV interpretation.

I hope that this Friday night satirical show has come to stay: even though it was like the curate's egg, good in parts, it provided some indigenous humour, of which we get all too little. We should be turning out our own local products like this in considerable quantities. The trouble is that, as soon as any Israeli equivalent of Colonel Blimp or Mrs. Grundy gets up in the Knesset and complains about bad taste or an unfair presentation of Israeli life, everyone runs for cover like frightened rabbits. More courage and avoidance of the safety of mediocrity would set the toddling steps of Israeli television on the road to maturity.

* * *

YITZHAK Navon's pleasant piece of Jerusalem nostalgia, "Sephardic Garden," was ably transcribed from the stage to the television screen, and was just as enjoyable seen from an armchair as from the seat of a theatre. This was smooth and relaxing entertainment.

But I hope this success won't persuade the powers-that-be that they should play safe, and stick to such bland and inoffensive mixtures, which obviously can give offence to nobody. Local television should sometimes jar us out of our seats, should have our veterans phoning complaints to all their influential friends, and our Right-wingers thumping the Knesset rostrum.

And what about a successor to Hedwa and Shlomik, to show us the seamy side of modern life? Maybe a picture about football could provide a base. I notice that the teen-agers are getting a series on how to play sport, but so far no trainer has taught them the basic essentials of modern soccer: how to foul an opponent, cheat a referee, and collect a payment under the table.

* * *

THE "Moked" programme on immigrants brought out the possibility of yet another witch hunt — this time after the immigrants who abuse their privileges. I doubt whether Salem in its palmiest days had as many covens to investigate as we do.

* * *

MORE interesting than the abuse of customs privileges is the link between love and immigrant privileges: a sociologist should investigate this dramatic correlation. Thackeray once said, "Remember, it's as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor one"; nowadays an anxious parent does not enquire about a suitor's wealth or family background, but he does ask with trepidation what rights the would-be bridegroom has. It is of course a catastrophic mesalliance for two young *sabras* to fall in love with each other: such an ill-starred romance is comparable to that of Romeo and Juliet.

Where the traffic's blocked

RADIO REVIEW

by ZEEV SCHUL

I FELT terribly proud of myself: only a few weeks ago in this very column I suggested that instead of that increasingly dreary 'Green Light" (Shidurei Yisrael, 2nd programme 7:55 a.m.) something practical should be done for the drivers like informing them where the traffic lights roads are blocked and/or have given up their ghosts; where in short, how one can get from where to where faster. The Public Works Department and the Police could keep drivers informed and traffic flowing a little faster.

Well there it was: a reaction black on white. True, it would be only a modest once-a-week programme (to begin with) called "The Fifth Wheel" and handicapped to boot by going on the air too early (at 3 p.m. which isn't a rush hour yet — peak traffic frequencies usually occur between 7-9 a.m. and 4-6 p.m. in the Dan area). Still it was better than nothing. I gulped down every word of promise, traffic bottlenecks and roads being repaired, together with light music and opinion polls related to transportation problems. It starts with the winter programmes this month. Presented by Shmuel Shai and Ehud Graf and then, I knew it, there had to be a fly in the ointment: it was Galei Zahal.

* * *

I AM not a fan of "At Midday" — the 90-minute news and music medley (beginning daily at 12.30 hours, 2nd programme, nor of its little brother, actually the veteran of the two by the name of "This Day" (subtitled at "People and Events in the News"). My objections aren't to the news coverage, which is excellent. Following Shidurei Yisrael staff daily phone calls around the world can even be quite exciting. It is the length of it that gets my goat. The 90 minutes nobody has the time or patience to endure in their entirety at noon as well as the solid half-hour programme in the evening.

Take the subjects chosen Tuesday evening: elections to the Zionist Congress in the United States — 720,000 Jewish adults have already registered. Fine. But then we were given a blow-by-blow account of changes that are desired in the electoral system — in elections that haven't taken place since 1946 and so on and so forth. It might have had a place in a news feature — some time someday — and certainly closer to the election or congress date. But this week? Who cared?

Sometimes at noontimes the totally superfluous musical interlude kills the newsreel forms. We suggest that Shidurei Yisrael take a good long look or rather listen to the B.B.C. newsreels, which are broadcast at more frequent intervals and on which every single second of the 15 minutes is made to count.

While, on the one hand, there is music to pad midday's 90-minutes, there is talking, much too much of it, on the Authority's light musical programmes. Regardless of whether it's Saturday morning, siesta time or midnight-mood, there is always some witty young man (or woman) foisting on us the gift of his gab and having, I am sure, a wonderful time. Why can't they just give us a list of the records they are going to play for us during the next 30 minutes or so and then leave us alone? I mean if they really intended to put us in a romantic mood, the sound of their voices, booming wherever they emerge from at inopportune moments, is not a contributing factor. Ditto music to relax by or what have you.

* * *

GALEI Zahal too has a much better newsroundup. It's known as the "Army's Diary" but is of course nothing of the sort. Galei Zahal's ambitious young director, Yitzhak Livneh, presents us with a nightly 20 minutes much closer to the British version. Tuesday's presentation for instance, gave us the latest information of the Mirage Deal reversal by Gil Kesary; Communist China in the U.N. by Dr. Harrari of the Tel Aviv University; the Phantom story from Washington by Shmuel Segen; an indifferent reportage about that "Iraqi Eagle" (incidentally — all the local press and other news media seem to have done so far is to inflate the image of that young murderer — more of a vulture than an eagle); winding up with the only military item of the evening; the graduation ceremony of 17 military chaplains "Somewhere in Israel."

The address by the new Chief Chaplain, Tat-Aluf Piron, lacked the charisma of Rabbi Goren's oratory).

I WAS hit by no less than five Hit Parades last Monday. Here is the list: (2nd programme) 4.07 p.m. hit parade for old songs; 4.35 hit parade — carried over until the five o'clock news (after a quiz interval by Shmulik Rosen which was no less boring). Army programme: 11.30 a.m. from the British hit parade; 7.05 p.m.) from the foreign hit parade and "My Hit Parade" with Bomba Zur. All in a single day!

STATE of the PARTY

((continued from page 7)

Aharon. The fact of his entrenchment at Histadrut head offices was underlined by the campaign mounted against him by ex-Mapai party machine politicians — to little avail, as it turned out.

What has embarrassed the Labour Party more than anything has been the Netivei Neft oil scandal, with the Government more or less stampeded into setting up a Committee of Inquiry. The question of conflict of interest has begun to be raised, especially of the big corporation lawyers who have risen high in the Labour Party hierarchy. This is one question which has been dodged for decades, and the Labour Party will have to tackle it, however painful it may be to the political career of some prominent lawyer politicians, lest the party lay itself open to unwelcome charges. Too many uncomfortable questions are already being asked about too many people close to the men who make the political and financial decisions and who have enriched themselves in such a short time. The replies that will be forthcoming will determine the kind of moral leadership the Labour Party will be able to claim in the future.

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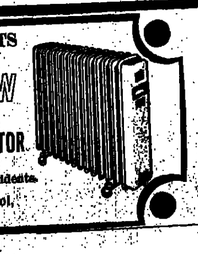

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THE POWER OF KOLLWITZ

By Reuven Berman

THIS large show of drawings, prints and several small sculptures by Kaethe Kollwitz is a gripping, often emotionally devastating, artistically enthralling experience. This was not a foregone conclusion, at least not for this writer. The work of Kaethe Kollwitz, who died in Germany in 1945 at the age of 78 and whose pacifist ideas and opposition to the Nazi regime led her works to be banned from 1933 on, is well known; and for many of us belongs to the cultural awakening of our late teens and early twenties. Such early enthusiasms tend to wilt as sophistication and age set in. The power that these sheets exert and their sheer technical brilliance, therefore, come as a total shock.

Kaethe Kollwitz: Self-Portrait while Drawing, before 1892. Pen and ink.

The masterful draughtsmanship and unrelenting exposure of the tragic foundations of human existence are interwoven so tightly that it is difficult to separate them even for the sake of discussion. A revealing example, among many, are the two versions of "The Volunteers" which belong to the "War" series. In one we see a group of young men full of patriotic ardour marching arm in arm to enlist in the army. In the other version it is made perfectly clear, through the deft handling of the drawing itself, that these youngsters that are hardly men are marching off to death (the artist's youngest son fell in Flanders in World War One). Each of these two works represents an entirely different mentality: together they exemplify the sense of futile struggle and dead-end tragedy that marks nearly the entire output of the artist's career which pivots on such themes as the terrors of war, loss, hunger, cruelty and death itself.

Great gifts

In those few moments when the viewer is able to disengage himself temporarily from the compelling contents of these works, one becomes suddenly aware of confronting the creations of one of the great draughtsmen of our century. Kollwitz's extraordinary gifts are apparent in the earliest works in this show, done in the 1890s, though one can trace a steady maturation of concept and accumulation of life experience. One of the two works mentioned, the 1920 charcoal drawing, "The Volunteers," is, like just about any of the 100 works on display, enough to establish Kollwitz' stature and range. The figure on the extreme left is handled as a realist impression but gradually, from left to right, through each of the remaining figures in the group, the drawing loosens up: the final figure on the right is but a few broad spontaneous strokes made with the whole length of the charcoal stick, so free that it borders on abstract gesture. However, rather than seem out of place, it seems to strengthen and amplify the work's visual power and its ultimate literal meaning.

Kaethe Kollwitz: "Outbreak," 1903 (from "Peasants War series). Etching, at the Tel Aviv Museum.

The collection, which was brought together from several sources, most of them in Germany and several in Israel, by Dr. Gunther Thieu, Director of the Graphic Collection of the Stuttgart State Gallery, is remarkable not only in its inclusion of many of the artist's best known works and the four major series, but also because of the numerous preparatory studies and sketches. A rare opportunity is thus provided to follow the anguished stages in the crystallization of numerous prints, whose superb quality is at least partly explained by the vast labours the artist invested in each of them, sometimes over a period of years.

GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM

Israel Museum

Paris and Palestine; Henri Matisse, Prints and Drawings; 12 lithographs by Ceri Richards for Six Poems by Dylan Thomas; 130 Bronze Maquettes by Jacques Lipchitz; Ivan Schwebel; Artist in Studio; Athens—its Golden Age (Youth Wing);

THOMAS KRONER — Line drawings and a few studies in coloured line, with occasional washes, of figures and groups, in the manner of figurative reportage. The best of the studies emit an ineffable sadness, like the drawing of the desperate-looking woman holding a baby: there is clearly some sort of tragedy looking over her shoulder. Some of the other works appear to be merely notes and only a gesture is made towards composition (The Little Gallery, Rehov Schatz). (M.R.)

YITZHAK GREENFIELD — Nude studies in the traditional fin de siecle academic manner, but full of life and in some cases, real sensual charm. There are also well handled wash studies of attractive texture but the line drawings are so well brought off that the wash works seem superfluous. Most human of all are the fine studies of an advanced state of pregnancy; every mother will no doubt identify with the mother-to-be flexing her obviously aching back (Heatid Gallery, off Zion Square) through next week (M.R.)

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE — works by Benni Efrat, Zaritsky, Stematsky, Neustein, Korea, Zeinsira and other leading Israeli artists. Afternoons, by appointment (Urdang-Sheskin Gallery, 9 Dubnow, near Municipal Theatre, Tel. 39936.

HELEN LAMBERT — Impressionist oils, mostly decorative formalized representations of flowers and bushes brushed onto white canvas, much of which is left as background. (Gallery "M," near Beit Agron) Till November 22.

ARIK KILEMNIK, YEHEZKIEL YARDENI — Interesting, effective, experimental work by Jerusalem and Haifa painters. (Artists' House).

"MY CHOICE"—Selected works from artists' collections, chosen by the artists. (Artists' House). Till Nov. 24.

ODED FEINGERSH — New pop paintings by talented young Tel Avivian (Engel Gallery) till Nov. 20.

TEL AVIV

JOSEPH HALEVY — The work of Joseph Halevy has moved through several periods that accompanied imaginative figures and angels as well as abstractions whose forms stemmed from biotic sources. While in London about three years ago, he switched from the painterly intuitive approach that was characteristic of all his work until then, to hard-edge geometric abstractions. In his current show inclusively entitled "celebration," he appears to be in the process of synthesizing the two tendencies. He is doing this by retaining the clear-cut nature of his forms, but they can no longer be generalized as geometric. Also, the interior areas of the forms bear subtle "lyrical" textures created by successive layers of paint (acrylic), both opaque and semi-transparent and by rolling crepe toilet paper over the surface while still wet. The colours are festive and sensitively composed but the forms tend to be lax and overly simple. Dynamic structure, however, may not be the key, but field and loose pattern, at least that is where the most successful efforts seem to be, e.g., a monotone surface with subtle casual colour events on the margins and large expanses of flowery shapes and colours. (Devora Schocken Gallery, 86 Hovevei Zion). (R.B.)

YONA LOTAN — The paintings are similar to his past work: street scenes translated into gay discs and stripes and rectangles, with the discs usually grouped in the lower part of the canvas and with the other shapes arranged vertically in the upper half. There are works in two new media: drawing and sculpture. The sculptures are small figures, usually in groups, formalized into rough chunky shapes in cast bronze. They are so generalized that they lack character and clarity as figures or abstractions. Among the drawings however, from which the sculpture seems to have evolved, are several that possess real verve, expression and economy of means. Nearly all are done with a brush and reveal a promising aspect of Lotan's talent. Several imaginative non-figurative wood assemblage sculptures by Ben Ya'akov have been retained from his recent exhibition and are being shown in a smaller section of the gallery. (Old Jaffa Gallery). (R.B.).

SIOMA BARAM — New paintings and etchings on theme of "Jerusalem" by painter of metaphysical abstractions. (Mabat Gallery, 31 Gordon).

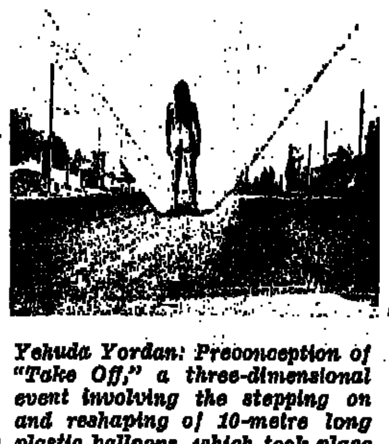
MOSHE CHOUSKI — Paintings by new immigrant artist from Soviet Union. (Lim Gallery, 170 Ben Yehuda).

NAPHTALI SALOMON — Veteran Israeli painter shows formalized landscape, interiors and Biblical themes. (Katz-Idan Gallery, 18 Frishman).

MOSHE PRUPES — Nudes contained and warped by geometric forms. (Bar Kochaba Gallery, Bar Kochba St.).

HANNA LEVY — An energy-charged line results in vital brush drawings and is giving her oils a new alertness and freedom. Prominent Safed artist. (Beit Leivik Art Gallery) Dov Hoz St.

TEL AVIV MUSEUM — Drawings, lithographs, woodcuts and sculptures by Kaethe Kollwitz, the eminent German expressionist at Helena Rubinstein Pavilion. Other continuing exhibitions at the new building on Sderot Shaul Hamelech: Israeli Painting and Sculpture, "Art and Science" (with accompanying films in the small auditorium).



Yehuda Yordan: Preconception of "Take Off," a three-dimensional event involving the stepping on and reshaping of 10-metre long plastic balloons, which took place on the Tel Aviv University Campus on Wednesday.

TZIPPORA RONEN — Abstractions and abstracted figures in pleasing colours and balanced compositions that never move beyond a reserved prettiness. The prime reason may be the rounded, oft-repeated non-entity forms. (Chemerinsky Gallery, Gordon St.).

JOSEF JACOB — Painted, rippled, torn, stitched cloth sometimes with string ends protruding from the other side prove to be highly aesthetic-prone materials in new works by serious but relatively unknown artist. (Dugith Gallery, Frishman St.).

"ISRAELS" AUTUMN SHOW — Works by ten artists of divergent artistic orientations. (Israels Gallery, 21 Israels).

ARIEH PROSPER — One-man show entitled "Different Paintings." (New Gallery, 33 Reiness).

ESTHER YUCHT — Paintings. (220 Gallery, 220 Ben Yehuda). From Nov. 14.

RAFFI SEGEV — Hammered copper reliefs based on East European Jewish folklore. (Beit Shalom Aleichem). From Nov. 14.

AN ISRAELI'S NEW YORK — A confrontation with New York and its contradictions by Israeli photographer Yona Zaloscer. (U.S. Cultural Centre, 71a Hayarkon).

YITZHAK YAMIN — Drawings and tempera paintings of figures. (Bergman Gallery, 97 Ben Yehuda).

AMIRAM TAMARI — Paintings and coloured sculpture. RAMAT GAN (Municipal Museum).

BENJAMIN LEVY — Young Israeli artist who in recent years has exhibited extensively in the U.S., shows figurative etchings in Tel Aviv's only gallery devoted exclusively to graphics. (Graphic Gallery, 24 Gordon).

HAIM (HEINI) GOLDAN — Mosaics, reliefs, functional sculpture and decorative graphics. Show is under the patronage of "AKIM" — Association for Rehabilitation of the Mentally Handicapped. (Beit Bnei Brith, 10 Kaplan).

LYDIA ZAVADSKY — Ceramic sculptures by sophisticated practitioner. RAMAT AVIV (Ceramics Museum, Ha'aretz Museum Complex).

NON-ABSTRACT COLLECTION — Paintings and sculpture by prominent Israeli and French-Jewish artists. (Hadassah Klatchkin Gallery, Frog St.).

WORKS ON PAPER — Selection of paintings, prints and drawings by Israeli artists of diverse artistic denominations but with strong accent on the newer trends. (Gordon Gallery, Gordon St.).

HAIFA

ZVI BERGER — 68 pictures in 7 media and all themes ranging from realism to surrealism. Exceedingly competent work but lacking personal coherence. In fact, a good deal of the surrealism is disguised fantasy, but the effect is genuine in a surprising oil portrait "Carmela". It becomes just imagination in the charcoal drawing "A Jerusalem Enterprise in Memory of Moses Montefiore." The charcoal items are the most successful medium yet often as complicated as some of the titles (that mentioned is abbreviated) although a capable organization out of complexity characterises "My Hut at Kiryat Yaarim" and "Prisoners," the latter repeated, with small changes, in the oil "The Dream." The ink portraits are unanalytical (best "The Snuff Taker") and the landscapes are naturalistic (select "Cliffs at Ashkelon"); similarly the coloured woodcuts, preference to the abstract "Melancholy." Yet on relative techniques he cannot be faulted. (Rita Gallery). Till December 3. (H.)

"THE SEA" — in cooperation with the Israel Maritime League. There is precious little of "Judaea Navalis" about the artists who prefer the sea from dry land and, in some instances, the possible glimpse from a balcony. Only a single participant gets into the open ocean, viz. Babitch in the grey pastel "Storm" (45). Dark colouration makes a partial come-back, preferably for approaching night or lowering weather, e.g. Lavie's watercolour "Kineret" (52). Haifa port is, of course, a gift to local painters and furnishes an opportunity for good work — Lamm's typical impressionist "The Sea" (21); Balasha as impressionist dawn and semi-abstraction in "Morning at the Port"; the yellow sunlight of Zallouk's "Harbour"; and Kook's gouache, also abstract, "Boats at the Shore." Some painting is candidly unsatisfactory, a reversion to past aggressive colour. Others turn out good performances in their own styles without necessarily direct reference to the theme. These last include a strongly contoured realist "Dead Sea" from Iskovitz; a not badly constructed "Composition" of Hazan (is blue the sea?) Slonim's abstract evocation of the seaside in "Impression from Nevo Yam"; Richter's Sails," again the abstract trend: Schlesinger's habitually decorative "Jaffa"; another pastel, Bentwich-Mossenson's broad perspective to the sea, "Fishponds at Zikhron Ya'acov"; Weiss's near abstract collage, "Living Fields in the Sea," graphic style with swathes of blue; and Livni's attractive silk print, "Storm at Sea."

The sculpture is uniformly competent and varied but minus any close bond with the sea. Leibel, however, does produce "Boats" (bronze), of fair plasticity; and Lazarus "Boats" (in plastic). Sofer has two most competent, stylised "Bird's", in wood and marble respectively. Of Bratt's two fountains, 62, with the girl and fish, is the more powerful. Ady presents two of his early wood reliefs made from Kineret flotsam and jetsam, 69 having the most drive. And Pitkin, for once, extracts the maximum out of his undoubted ability to see "big," in an only partially dressed marble 'Sail in a Storm." (Beit Chagall). Into December. (H.)

ROSA FEIGE. — Oils, watercolours and embroidered pictures. A rather different show from her last in Haifa. From only three embroidered items, all of Venice, the best is 33, but their influence crops up elsewhere, e.g. in the exact siting of figures ("Fishermen at Kineret," a feature of her composition making vivid the paintings of village and field life. There are a direct imitation of Gauguin (10) and a Matisse or, at least, Fauvist, note (4); and much of her work is similarly affected in one way or another. The portraits are poor. (Beit Aba Khoushy). Till November 26. (H.)

PINHAS NUSSBAUM. — His wood sculpture, "Roots," follows the new-fashionable method of carving forms from this raw material. Many are turned into animal and human shapes and then may be described as cute ("Marathon Runner"). The most successful are those which can be considered abstract (19 and 39) or, if they have a name, enter the same category, e.g. "The Cruel Sea" (a human figure), good marks to "Prehistoric Animal," and, if it had not included an articulated head, "Queen of Sheba." (Beit Aba Khoushy). Till December 2. (H.)

WILLY DREIFUS (Switzerland). — "Musicians in Action," drawings. (Haifa Music Museum).

SCHIFF MEMORIAL EXHIBITION. — (Haifa Museum of Modern Art). Opening Sat. 11 a.m.

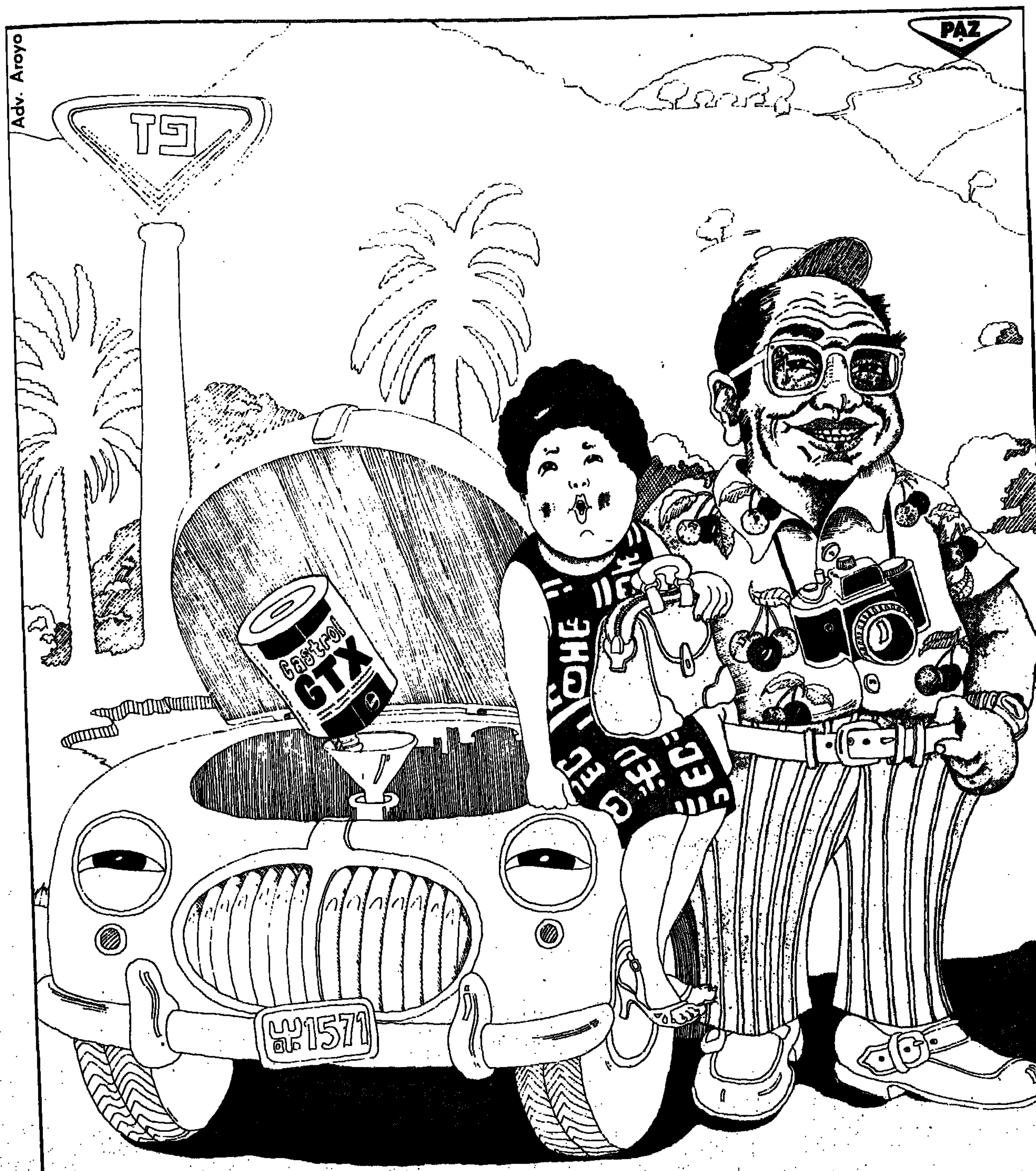
DAN LEVIN. — Sculpture. (Goldman's Gallery). Opening Sat. 6 p.m.

Caesarea

DAVID SHTANSKY (the late). — Gouaches and oils which, if not entirely original in manner, are most capably handled. (Modern Art Gallery). Till November 20.

Ashdot Ya'acov (Meuhad)

LIOR ROTH (Afikim) — Sixty oils, executed during the last three years, the largest exhibition one has seen of his work. (Uri & Rami Museum). Till December 12.



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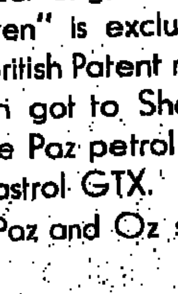

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هكذا من الأصل

BRITAIN'S TOP ARTISTS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. S. LEWINSKY

Possibly the most famous sculptor in the world — Henry Moore O.M. The younger generation tend to accuse him of traditionalism and lack of development beyond his fully established style. Undoubtedly a "grand master" of 20th-century sculpture; comparable to Picasso. Born in Yorkshire, 1898, self-taught before joining the Royal College of Art; founder-member of "Unit 1" in 1933 with Barbara Hepworth and Nicholson; leader in British sculpture; winner in Venice Biennale, 1948, lives and works in Much Hadham near Hertford.

Francis Bacon, probably the greatest and most famous of British contemporary painters. Solitary, introspective genius of partly surrealistic, partly expressionistic painting, his rare canvases (he destroys a great deal of his work) all mirror his unhappiness and despair for the human race. Born in Dublin, 1909, he now works in London. Paris is currently honouring him with a "retrospective."

Philip King, born in Tunisia in 1934, the most promising and inventive sculptor of the younger generation working in new materials — mostly painted or coloured plastic. At one time assistant to Moore and Caro, he recently represented Britain at Venice Biennale, with well-established international reputation, he works in London.

Graham Sutherland, born in Sutton in 1903, one of the small elite of British painters who gained international recognition as early as 1930. A "romantic English surrealist" probably defines his style. He is mainly a landscape painter of strange images and gained recognition as a portrait artist for several famous personalities (Churchill, Maugham). Designed famous tapestry for Coventry Cathedral.

Victor Passmore, born in Cheltenham in 1903, was, in the '30s and '40s, one of the best-known romantic English painters. In 1948 he turned entirely abstract, at the peak of his popularity, changing his style completely to a pure constructive manner, using flat severe patterns and three-dimensional constructions. Following his one-man exhibition in 1960 in Venice Biennale, he became one of the most respected abstract artists in Britain.

David Hockney, born in 1937 in Bradford, is the youngest painter in this collection and perhaps the most talented and individual in his style. Instinctive extrovert and showman, he is known on both sides of the Atlantic since he spends several years in California. He started as a "pop" painter and developed his own style of "primitive" graffiti-like figurative paintings. His recent retrospective exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery confirmed his ever-growing reputation.

Dame Barbara Hepworth: with Henry Moore, she is indisputably the top British sculptor, though she also retains her style of severe, abstract, direct carving, which these days is, in modern terms, rather traditional. She was born in Yorkshire in 1903. Her D.B.E. put the seal on her distinguished career.

Peter Blake, consistent and sensitive exponent of the British "pop" school. Born in Kent, 1933, he studied "pop" at the Royal College of Art and gradually gained popularity with his collages and bright paintings, in which he uses a variety of media and exploits symbols of contemporary figures like Marilyn Monroe, Presley, etc. He lives in a converted disused railway station near Bath.

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Alan Davie: born in Scotland in 1920. At one time he was a professional jazz player. An abstract-impressionist, he is now tending towards action painting and paints his violent, calligraphic abstractions, full of newly invented symbols, in his Hertford studio.

Anthony Caro, the most controversial and influential figure in British sculpture. At one time assistant to Henry Moore, Caro was the first to free sculpture of all traditional connotations and open the way to various new materials using sculpture in an "environmental" way. Born in London in 1924, he studied at the Royal Academy schools and taught at St. Martin's School of Art.

هكذا من الأصل

The 'Hebrew Israelites' and the Law of Return

Who are the Black Jews? Is this designation identical with Black Hebrews or Hebrew Israelites, as certain groups of Blacks who have arrived in Israel in recent years call themselves? Does the problem over their status in Israel stem from racial discrimination, as some allege, or from lack of a clearly stated immigration law and policy? LEONARD SCHROETER discusses these questions in reviewing:

THE BLACK JEWS OF HARLEM: Negro Nationalism and the Dilemmas of Negro Leadership by Howard M. Brotz. New York, Schocken. 144 pp. $1.75.

THIS book, described by Nathan Glazer as "the single most important *intellectual* contribution to the understanding of the Negro revolution that has yet been written," was first published in 1964 and has now been re-issued in an updated edition. It should be made compulsory reading for Israelis, now confronted with the problem of certain American Blacks who claim to be Jews, the "true" Jews, or rather "Black Israelites."

The author, who teaches at McMaster's University in Hamilton, Ontario, says in his preface to the new edition:

"The book is about a religious group whose members claim to be Jews but who, at the same time, do not deny an ethnic or racial affiliation to another group whom they regard as so-called Negroes. As such their experience is bound to have implications both for the Jewish world and for the black, Negro, or so-called Negro world which are different and unrelated to each other ... one development, which I had been expecting to happen for some time, has finally taken place. A similar group of people, originating in Chicago and numbering no more than 40, arrived at the Tel Aviv airport requesting admission as immigrant Jews. They came from Liberia, where they had lived for a while, but where they had not been happy. As one of the men stated in a television interview in Tel Aviv, 'It is difficult to be Jewish in Liberia.' The Israeli authorities, after a certain amount of deliberation about the exact nature of their status, sent them to a kibbutz; and one will be interested to learn how they fare."

Some facts wrong

Brotz has a few of his facts wrong, yet it would be interesting to know how he would view how, indeed, they have fared.

In this new edition, Brotz has added a section on the Black Muslims and has elaborated upon Negro nationalism as a solution to the Negro problem. He points out that the Black Jews and kindred groups are no longer simply "an exotic theme at the margin of Negro society." They anticipated and articulate the Black Nationalist movement. They not only reject the designation "Negro" as a badge of slavery; they also emphasize communal power and achievement and perceive the inadequacy of "integrationism" as a solution to their problems. Although they are Black Nationalists, "a doctrinaire separatism, so commonly regarded as intrinsic to this nationalism, is not a feature of this group. They have a communal life centred around their distinctive religious worship." Brotz sees them as stressing "principles that produce dignity and contentment." In seeking their roots in their own reconstruction of the historic past they search for self-respect and rely on self-help. *"It is unlikely that conversion to Judaism or Islam will be an option pursued by many people. If this is the way the sects have normalised their blackness to themselves, it must remain their private and sectarian concern."*

'Brief Synopsis'

The author traces their beginnings to the turn of the century. This is confirmed in a "Brief Synopsis of the Plight of the Hebrew-Israelite Nation", prepared by what the press has called the Black Jews of Dimona. The Israeli press has since dropped this designation for "Black Israelite" or "Hebrew Israelite." The Synopsis states:

"About the same time Zionism was born and conceived in the minds of its founding fathers, fate had its way of reaching across to the New World (the U.S.A.) finding its way into the mind of William Saunders Crowdy, approximately 1895. Prophet Crowdy, as he became known, appeared among the Black People in various cities and small communities throughout the Southern portion of the U.S., proclaiming 'the doctrine of Israel and informing the freed slaves of their national origin, culture and devotion to their God.'"

As Brotz notes, "veneration for the Bible as the literal word of God" created the conditions for "the freedom to move from an admiration of the Old Testament patriarchs to the view that they were one's very own ancestors." The Dimona Synopsis states: "Black People throughout America began claiming their status as the descendants of the Ancient Biblical Israelites, whose record of identity is found in the Torah and other historical references." The attraction of the parallelism that could be drawn by recently enslaved Blacks between their own bondage and that of the ancient Jews is evident. The inward dignity that he was able to acquire by conceiving of himself as a descendant of the patriarchs is a central theme of the Black Jews," according to Brotz. This is again confirmed by the Dimona Synopsis, which confirms that the goal of the "Hebrew-Israelite Nation" is "the restoration of complete human dignity by adherence to the Laws, Commandments and Moral Codes of the God that created the Heavens and Earth, *'the God of Israel.'*"

A natural response to intensified American racism was the counter-racism expressed in the view that "the so-called Negroes are not a race but the chosen people." Furthermore, in seeking an example of how a minority group could flourish, it is little wonder that the model of the Jews, sustained by inward pride, self-help and strong communal life, would be attractive. Various congregations of self-proclaimed Black Jews came into existence in the U.S., some taking Hebrew names. Many of them sought to identify themselves as Ethiopian Hebrews or Falashas, as descendants of the union between King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. All the groups, including those of the Hebrew-Israelite Nation" now in Israel, adduce what they contend is Biblical support for their view that the Patriarchs were Black, and argue that they are of the stock of these Black Patriarchs.

View of Christianity

Christianity is seen as the religious instrument of White oppression. Most of the groups, including the one in Israel, learn Hebrew and all claim to observe kashrut — as they interpret the laws. The groups are preoccupied with, and stress, morality, temperance and industry. They observe the Sabbath and celebrate the Jewish religious holidays — again, not the way Halachic Jews do and often with variations developing out of their own culture and experience. Family ties are strongly stressed. Brotz notes, in respect to criticism directed at their convictions, that they "think they are orthodox Jews and it would be a misunderstanding of their behaviour not to respect the sincerity of this belief." The response of the American Jewish community to them has been varied. Those who attack them as frauds seem to the author "mistakenly to pull them much further into the Jewish world than they really are and lose sight of the racial meaning of their beliefs." There are some Blacks — in Israel and in the U.S. — who have undergone Halachic conversion and whose status in Jewish law and with respect to Israel's Law of the Return no one questions. As to the others, Brotz writes, "any real demand that they modify their practices would be rejected because it would mean the disintegration of the sect." Although they plead for a relationship with Jews and say they have a feeling of solidarity with Jewish life and with Israel, Brotz notes that "from their strict ideological position, they would assert that the true Jews are black and the white Jews are frauds, 'the products of intermarriage.'"

Not to understand this group, its beliefs and impulses is to fail to understand the meaning of being Black in the U.S. and the kinds of responses this experience invokes. Their blackness, instead of being a source of shame, becomes a hallmark of a superior nation which must be respected even by "those who robbed them of the self-consciousness of their true identity." In rejecting the White man's religion (Christianity) they express contempt for what he holds sacred and thus "assert a supreme independence of his moral and religious principles, hence of him." The political expression of these attitudes found the principle of auto-emancipation compatible and thus the early leaders of the sect saw similarity to, and drew sustenance from the Zionist thinkers such as Pinsker and Herzl. According to Brotz, unlike the Black Muslims, the Black Jews have not degenerated into hatred of the White man, nor have they adopted a strong politically militant movement. Indeed, the very expression of the desire to immigrate to Israel is an affirmation of self-pride and self-help rather than a militant and revolutionary rage at White society. But, as Brotz concludes, "the active recognition of the obligation imposed upon whites to enable and to encourage Negroes to pursue (their goals) with dignity would be the repayment of the unpaid debts the U.S. owes the Negro, who was, indeed, as the Black Jews correctly say, robbed of his self respect. But in a fundamental sense he can only recover this by himself."

Some 'Hebrew Israelites' in Dimona.

Israel's obligations

But is there such an obligation placed upon Israel? Should American problems be the responsibility of this land? Do we have the minimal obligation of understanding? It does little good, and it is painfully inaccurate, to label them as frauds or "violent anti-Semites," as some letters to the editor in the Israeli press have done. Nor is it constructive, or honest, to suggest that the group is being masterminded by hostile foreign powers intent on disrupting Israel. It takes little imagination to understand why, given their historical experience, resentment would build, and suspicion of discrimination would arise, when 12 small apartments must be inhabited by 102 people; when children born in this country are unable to secure birth registrations; when school-age children are not admitted into public schools; and when adults cannot obtain jobs because they lack resident status. It is not helpful to assert that tourists are not entitled to such amenities when the group clearly never came as tourists and never intended to be anything but what they regard as wanderers returning to their own land. Similarly, misunderstandings were bound to occur and anger to rise when the status of the group is called into question after at least one "Hebrew Israelite" child born in Dimona received a birth certificate indicating "Dat" (religion) and "Leom" (nationality) as "Yahudi" (Jew); and when an Israeli Identity Booklet — indicating Resident status — was issued to at least one member of the group, here for more than two years, and originally issued only a tourist visa.

Apart from the anxieties aroused on the part of some by assertions that the members of the group now living in Dimona, Arad and Mitzpeh Ramon are but the forerunners of millions of Blacks who consider themselves part of the "Hebrew-Israelite Nation," and apart from the anger of others who resent assertions that the only genuine Jews are black and that only Black Jews are the rightful inheritors of this land, the underlying problems are much more complex.

Israel has no immigration policy other than that expressed in The Law of the Return, which was written as it was under the impact of 19 centuries of Jewish homelessness capped by the Holocaust and the policies of the British Mandatory Government. Thus, all non-Jews who wish to settle in this country for religious, idealistic or other reasons find an absence of legal authority when they seek to secure resident status — except for certain immediate next-of-kin covered under the 1970 Law of the Return Amendment. Skin colour has never been a bar to entry in Israel, just as Jewish religious law has never discriminated on colour lines. Although our law guarantees the right of every Jew to immigrate to this country, it is wholly silent as to others. Given such a lack of legal definition as to who may be admitted for immigration purposes, there is great administrative discretion as to those who clearly are not Jews, and an ongoing dispute as to who is a Jew.

No law

When this is compounded by the absence of either law or regulations as to who may be admitted as a Tourist (e.g. the recent denial of entry to one group of "Black Hebrews" on the ground that they were indigent and without a return travel ticket was without specific statutory or regulatory authority), it is inevitable that discrimination will be imputed and perhaps even genuinely suspected. It may be entirely reasonable not to admit tourists who do not have adequate means and return tickets, but if a nation does not wish to be charged with discriminatory treatment it must apply such a policy evenhandedly. It may be completely reasonable (or, in the minds of some, essential) that immigration to this country be limited to Jews, as defined Halachically; or to victims of persecution; or to stateless persons; or to those with designated economic skills required by the nation — but such policies need to be the product of law, not of the fickle discretion of a politically motivated ministry.

It may be that the discomfort felt over the presence in Israel of non-Jewish religious proselytizers, or even increasing numbers of non-Jews who find this land a congenial, friendly, or interesting place to live, warrants some legislative recognition. But so long as Israel does not have any legal policy as to who may be denied entry to this country, and so long as Israel has no guidelines as to who is entitled to which Resident status, clerks and their supervisors become the law and policy, varies from case to case, all according to passing emotional or political considerations. It is little wonder that the confusion and inconsistency arising from the absence of law creates fertile ground for seeds of suspicion of discrimination.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Pages 20-23

Growing up a child-visionary

SELECTED SHORT STORIES by Glyn Jones. London, J. M. Dent and Sons. 185 pp. £1.50.

Reviewed by Joan Hooper

The Stern-visaged grammarian our English master, who annihilates me with sarcasm when I audibly praise heaven for prose-writers who use two words where one will do, yet reads aloud with approval to the assembled form my essay upon the virtues of our native land. 'Glory be to the Isle of the Mighty for her ponds and the pools of her rivers,' he sneers, 'for Pwll Wat, and Pwll Taf, and Pwll Tydfil. And for her lakes, for Llangorse and Llyn y Fan, and for Llyn Safaddon lovely under Dafydd's swan.'

— from "The Water Music" by Glyn Jones

GLYN Jones was born in Wales and, thankfully, still carries that glorified view of his native land, the imagination and universal wonder of it that was in the boy, still writes under the influence of growing up a child-visionary. "Selected Short Stories" are written with two words instead of one (the boy who wrote the passage above, one thinks, could very well have been Jones, as a boy in "The Water Music"), with adjectives abundant, strings of descriptive clauses and singsong metaphors and similes, like the language and intonation of the Welsh. ("Little Evans, little Evans, sit down and be comfortable and don't stand there, boy bending like a bluebell.")

The people of Jones' villages, colliers or farmers, parsons or drunken horse-trainers, described in a way that reads in big gulps, are figures out of a boy's head, his colourful and romantic childhood, or a grownup's, with the exceptional ability to recall the size of his aunt's nostrils ("big enough for her to put her thumbs up on them") and the smooth, high polish of the shiny purplish and tight-looking lumps on her face. Like the Huckleberry Finn's grossness. Even the little boy who tells some of the stories from the sidelines, who is slightly more decorous than the other exuberant characters, must have had the same desires and impulses in order to recognize them so clearly in others.

These are not psychological studies. The people are grotesque and real. Jones sees them down to the last detail, not usually pretty details, and so they are universal in the real sense. We see them as complete, detached individuals. He traces no story-line, no comedy in the accepted sense, no tragedy as we are used to. They are all muddled in tragi-comedies, some more beautiful, some more horrible. These are all overly-ordinary lives with bits of beauty, horror, some supernaturalness (most people possess some little belief in those things, religiously or magically), but all grotesque.

"An Afternoon at Ewa Shad's" starts out an ordinary story of a visit to uncle's house to play with Cousin Em. The young boy who tells the story plays with a fish in a bath outside in the garden, eats dinner with his aunt, uncle and cousin — but then things start getting confused. The mattress upstairs is set on fire and Bopa Lloyd tips it out into the bath, perhaps killing the fish. The boys go to play on a coal tip and are frightened by the depths of an air-shaft after they pitch a brick down it. Then the little visitor is the onlooker while his uncle repeatedly stabs his neck with a knife. Ewa Shad falls over when Bopa Lloyd comes and snatches the knife away while Cousin Em is screaming. But we are not to know clearly the whys of these events.

Ewa Shad has been out of work and gone a bit crazy with it, but the events just happen while the story-teller is looking on — the blood is thick as jam. The boy goes home and informs his mother of the events, changing them slightly, and that is that. Very succinct, very grotesque, and the description envelops the reader.

Life and death are strangely mixed — everyday experiences — and the supernatural mixes with reality. Parables and down-to-earth good fun mixed up, too. The tender love and religious beauty in "Knowledge," the crude, outlandish vulgarity of the one-eyed Wil Thomas, the poetry of "The Water Music" and the boyish triumph in driving a skittish blonde mare home at night, upholding the honour of a drunken father ("Wat Pantathro"), and the hair-raising unearthliness of "Jordan."

Some of the stories are from collections written as far back as 1937. "Not By His Beak You Can Judge A Woodcock" is 1971 — the honest parson is forced by a promise to implement the last will, although it is wicked, of a vindictive dying man. But through cunning, all turns out well. And the parson "thanked God that He had made some as cunning as serpents and as harmless as doves, that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings should come forth wisdom."

Each one of the stories is as worthwhile and as fascinating as Evan Williams' Uncle Sam's asthma attack is to Benja Bowan with the birthmark on his bandy leg shaped like the Caspian Sea.

'Great War' stories

SHORT STORIES OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR edited by George Bruce. London, Sidgwick and Jackson. 184 pp. £2.75. With photographs.

Reviewed by Matthew Nesvisky

ALTHOUGH the fad of World War I nostalgia has abated considerably, this book should be warmly received by anyone with a genuine interest in the period. Since the most enduring fiction to come out of "the Great War" actually was produced in the post-war years, modern readers are most likely to recall only the bitter disillusionments of Hemingway, Dos Passos, Remarque and the like. George Bruce's handsome little anthology, therefore, is valuable in showing us the multiplicity of views that combatants expressed right in the years of the conflict.

As pointed out in the editor's brief foreword, the stories are representative of British national values and attitudes of the time. So we get Ian Hay's revelling in the glory of the millionth heroic death at the first Battle of the Somme, and Richard Aldington's choked horror at his commanders' statistical sacrifices. The prose varies between the Victorian priggishness of "Bartimeus" (Lewis Anselm da Costa Ricci) and the modern psychoimagism of Poet-Philosopher Herbert Read. The topics range from classical sea battles to the little-known strategy of tunneling toward the enemy's trenches. Such scope lends a comprehensiveness to the volume which the slimness of the book would not suggest.

Despite this variety, certain motifs recur in these stories. One is the emphasis on personal death in a very impersonal conflict. Another is the underlining of U.S. Civil War General William T. Sherman's definition of war ("War is Hell!"), with the added fillip that while a prisoner in hell at least knows why he is being punished, the innocent young man on the battlefield is often at a complete loss as to why he is serving his term. Still another is the fascination/terror of technologized warfare; bombardments and fusillades seem as capricious and as uncontrollable as hurricanes and hailstorms.

The first modern war also inspired some thoughts which more recent wars have generated. A character in H.M. Tomlinson's "All Our Yesterdays" says: "You can die here for two reasons — for being an idiot, and for refusing to be an idiot." This proves that Catch-22 was around long before K-Rations. In "Marching on Tanga," Francis Brett Young shows a very civilized gentleman ironically placed in a primeval jungle: the battle and its irony drive the poor man mad in a story all too reminiscent of what later writers reported from Guadalcanal and the Mekong Delta. And several of the trench-writers show troopers shooting rifles and artillery at enemies who remain unseen for days on end, thus depersonalizing the killing to the extent that it becomes simply another trade — a timely observation in these days of technicians who drop jellied fire from jet planes and computer programmers who direct cannon shells over 30-kilometre trajectories.

There are 12 stories in all, including nice pieces by John Buchan and Lord Dunsany, and in addition to his short introduction, Editor Bruce has appended biographical data on the authors and an appropriate photograph for each story.

The 'only' Jerusalem

NO JERUSALEM BUT THIS by Samuel Menashe. New York, October House. 88 pp. Cloth: $4.95; Paper: $1.95
DISMANTLING THE SILENCE by Charles Simic. London, Jonathan Cape. 81 pp. £1.60.
PENGIUM MODERN POETS: 18 (A. Alvarez. Roy Fuller, Anthony Thwaite). 144 pp., 25 p., and 19 (John Ashbery, Lee Harwood, Tom Raworth), 207 pp., 30 p.

Reviewed by Curtis Arnson

THE most recent volume among these recent drops into the flood of published new poetry is the collection of gentle drippings from the pen of New York poet Samuel Menashe.

"There is no Jerusalem but this
Breathed in flesh by shameless
love/Built high upon the tides of
blood/I believe the Prophets and
Blake/And like David I bless my-
self/With all my might."

With all his strength, Menashe compresses experience under a narrow lens — a few words in which he risks all. His Jerusalem has no physical resemblance to the manifestation in which we reside. He takes all the magical virtues conjured up by the thought of the unattainable Holy City and seeks them within, much as a Renaissance allegorist used the external as a clue to the internal. The poet thereby leaves himself no means of escape: he is committed firmly on paper, with success measured only by his own standards. The reader must find if he can share the poet's consciousness, if he can enter the "Paschal Wilderness" in which *"Blue funnels the sun/Each unknown stone/Every derelict stem/ Engenders Jerusalem."* As a result, reaction can ultimately only be personal:

I liked the book, though I was sometimes frustrated at being unable to grasp a few poems, sometimes amused at the simplicity reminiscent of the Zen "Koan", and requiring just as much empathy. Of course, many of the poems seem to be failures, but who is at fault? The poetry is not easily accessible and is not for the "Reader's Digest" fan or the speed-reader who boasts of pages covered in bulk. The cycle is purely internal, beginning and ending with the poet's mind, and the beautiful lines:

The shrine whose shape I am
Has a fringe of fire
Flames skirt my skin.

★ ★ ★

CHARLES Simic arranges his poems like a good photographer. All is framed within limits chosen by the artist, who reaches out and joins in the scene. He is most successful when focusing on his shoes, a table, table utensils. As the title indicates, he dismantles objects, still in themselves, and finds the resonance of his self in the silent masses. The long poem "Concerning My Neighbours, The Hittites" succeeds through humour and a chatty sense of bemusement.

Less fortunate are the poems in which Simic disregards his title precept and tries to build without an object to take apart first, looking into himself without comparison to an external stillness. The poetry overall is erratic, often pleasing enormously, and blessed with a striking (somewhat ghoulish) jacket design by Leigh Taylor.

★ ★ ★

THE two Penguin volumes are fairly solid, if not particularly inspired, as is the case with most of Penguin's "New Writings" series. Neither of these paperbacks is in the "must-reading" category; they are monotonously regular in the mediocre-to-good ratings of the poems.

"P.M.P.18" headlines A. Alvarez, probably England's best practising poetry critic. Alvarez echoes poetic styles, never quite finding his own voice. Roy Fuller is the oldest of the poets here; his slight verse is distinguished only for its sense of irony. Anthony Thwaite is the best in this volume, gracefully merging present and an ancient past, where, like the Arab antiquities dealer, "for fifty piastres I give you a past to belong to."

"P.M.P. 19" features "Art News" editor and former Yale Younger Poet John Ashbery. He carefully colours in the background of his poems with broad primaries, as with the foreground he strikingly fills in a scene, often eliciting a verbal chuckle. I am sorry that the anonymous editor did not include Ashbery's "Farm Implements and Rutabagas in a Landscape," a fantasia featuring the new Israeli folk hero, Popeye. Ashbery alone is worth the price, and has to be, since Lee Harwood poorly does style imitations, unsuccessfully looking for a mentor, and Tom Raworth puts out a type of poetry ("experimental" but not too Bohemian) which is usually associated with academics trying to be arty. Ashbery definitely outclasses the other poets contained in these two Penguin volumes.

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هكذا من الأصل

'Where I suffer is my fatherland...'

By Ernie Meyer

"I AM ill, life of a drunkard... completely broke... sick of Germany... every day more miserable than the one before," Joseph Roth wrote to a friend in 1926, when he was 32.

Five years later he wrote: "I am old, lonely and miserable — somewhere way above my name parades around, but that bears no relationship to my real life." And again in 1936 in a letter to his friend Stefan Zweig: "I wrote you long ago that I am finished. But the end drags on and on."

The end did not come till May, 1939, when Roth collapsed at a table in his favourite Paris bistroand was taken to a hospital for indigents. There Joseph Roth, writer and alcoholic, Galician-born Jew who described himself as "a rationalist with religion, Catholic with a Jewish brain," the man without interest in a bourgeois existence, Austria's greatest prose poet between the two World Wars, the author of 14 novels, three volumes of stories and essays, and thousands of newspaper articles, died in lonely exile. Pneumonia put an end to his life after he had been placed in a straitjacket to restrain him in his delirium tremens.

Dreamer-sceptic

The record of this scintillating, tortured life can now be read in the collection of Roth's letters, published by his old friend, Hermann Kesten, "Joseph Roth: Briefe 1911-1939" (Letters 1911-1939), edited and with an introduction by Hermann Kesten, Cologne, Kiepenheuer and Witsch, 644 pp., DM 48.

In a review in a recent issue of the German magazine "Der Spiegel," this collection is called "an important literary work" and described as the elegy of a homeless individualist in the midst of Europe's cultural collapse, the moving private plaint of one who thought he had lost his battle with life, and a more than private lament from exile. It is said to be the best biographical evidence to date of a prolific author, critical newspaper reporter and brilliant feuilletonist, who was at once "a dreamer and a sceptic."

Joseph Roth was born in 1894. An only child, he never knew his father, who abandoned his wife and baby and died years later in an insane asylum, a wastrel and a drunkard. From him, apparently, the author inherited his penchant for alcohol and melancholy, which led him to write later on, in a paraphrase of the Latin saying: "The country where I suffer, that is my fatherland."

Roth studied German philology at the University of Vienna, volunteered for the Austrian Army during World War I, became an officer and fought on the Russian front. Near the end of the war he was taken prisoner but returned to Vienna after an adventurous escape. After the war he started writing for Viennese newspapers. Later he worked mostly in Berlin. Living the life of a "cultural nomad," his home was all over Europe, in Paris, Marseilles, Nice, Zurich, Ostend... the list of cities is endless. For some years he worked for the "Frankfurter Zeitung" as a highly paid and respected roving reporter. In 1933, as soon as the Nazis came to power, he returned to Vienna. After the Germans annexed Austria, he fled to Paris.

Roth drew the material for his novels chiefly from the political and social upheavals caused by World War I, as well as from his childhood experiences, mainly in an Eastern Jewish milieu. Most of his books have been translated into the principal European languages.

"Hotel Savoy" (1924) describes with almost surrealistic transparency life in a Jewish provincial hotel in Galicia. "Zipper and his Father" (1928) depicts the disintegration of contemporary family life. "Right and Left" (1929) gives a picture of the inflation and terrible political confusion in post-war Berlin. In these earlier books Roth fought against the hollowness of civilization as he saw it.

In his second period Roth becomes mellower and more conservative. His principal work is "Job, The Story of a Simple Man" (1930), which was translated into English by Dorothy Thompson. It describes the fate of the ghetto Jew Mendel Singer, "a pious and ordinary man, an entirely commonplace Jew," who after many trials and tribulations goes to America and there finds his son, now become a celebrated violinist. Stefan Zweig praised the novel — a Book of the Month Club selection — as "a tale which holds good for any age and which is clear to anyone who understands with his heart."

"Radetzky March" (1931) tells the story of three generations of Austrian officers who lived and died during the long reign of Emperor Franz Joseph I. It is a song of the glamour and pathos of Old Austria. In writing it Roth became a Monarchist. Perhaps he was being led by the characters he was creating, perhaps he never forgot the oath of allegiance he had sworn to the old Emperor in his youth. There can be little doubt that the aged monarch was a father figure for him, the sophisticated scoffer, as he had been for so many of his subjects. Finally Roth came to believe in the revival of the Habsburg Empire and in Catholicism as the only salvation from the new barbarism and chaos he saw coming.

End of Austria

"Die Kaputzinergruft" (The Crypt of the Capuchins, 1939), a kind of sequel to "Radetzky March," describes the end of Austria as an independent state, but does not reach the artistry of the earlier work.

Among books Roth wrote after 1933, "The Antichrist" aroused wide comment. A philosophical treatise in the form of a novel, it is a study of the evil of this world as it reveals itself (to Roth) in the film industry — "a preview of the decline of the world" — arms manufacturing and race prejudice. "Tarabas, A Guest on Earth" (1934) is the story of a self-styled dictator and pogromist in the Ukraine. "The Ballad of the Hundred Days" (1936) deals with the heroic events of Napoleon's career between Elba and Waterloo.

Roth prided himself on being an Eastern European Jew, and in his writings often rebuked those Westernized Jews who looked down on their poorer coreligionists. Assailing apostates who refuse to meet with "Easterners," he could not then foresee that near the end of his life he himself, ruined by alcohol, would develop a strong predilection for Catholicism.

Never taking reality too seriously, either as a novelist (some of his stories read almost like fairy tales), a cultural philosopher or as a person, Roth was an ardent Zionist and failed to see why his Catholicism should be any obstacle to Zionism.

Roth's correspondence with fellow-Austrian Stefan Zweig, who enjoyed world fame at the time, is the most important section of the collection of letters. The letters reveal his profound rootlessness. Roth never owned a house, flat or even furnished room. He lived his life in hotel rooms, almost always short of money and fighting deadlines.

He constantly badgered his editors and publishers for advances, but could not keep to the terms of arrangements and contracts. "I can't manage in this world," he wrote Zweig. But when he had money, the sharp critic could be generous and gulleless as a child. For years Zweig sent Roth money. Sometimes the cheques came in response to appeals like: "I am close to suicide... debts, ghosts, privations... no decent suit or shirt. When I am not vomiting blood and gall, I suffer from inflammation of the eyes... I beg you, you must help me."

'Germany is dead'

To Zweig's exhortations to control his drinking Roth answers: "It is true that alcohol will shorten my life, but meanwhile it prevents my immediate death." What finally destroyed Roth was a despondency that had deeper roots than his craving for alcohol. As early as 1930 he wrote in a letter: "Nothing can be done about my sadness," and again in 1933 he wrote Zweig, who still had hopes for European civilization: "Germany is dead... it was a dream... try to see the point, please."

The collected letters are the best biographical testimony to Roth's life so far. Although editor Kesten had to omit some defamatory and libelous passages, the letters to Roth's hundreds of friends reveal his character. Thus Roth describes his relationship with his publisher, Gustav Kiepenheuer:

"He is an idealist, I am a sceptic; he likes Jews, I don't; he is a progressive, I a reactionary; he is young, I am old; he is 50, I am 200; he is just, I am unjust; he is an optimist, I a pessimist. He looks forward to my success, so do I; he is certain of eternal fame, so am I. We are inseparable. Good for him."

Roth used his wit as his mask and his weapon in dealing with those he hated. And he could hate with great consistency, as is evident from his impassioned articles against the Nazis. Yet to those who really knew him he always was the true romantic who loved simple honest folk such as peopled his novels.

Roth's married life ended unhappily when his wife became a schizophrenic in the 1920s. Subsequent liaisons did not bring him much happiness either. He always felt lonely, yet he was the best of company. Joseph Roth was separated from ordinary mortals by a natural wisdom which caused him to be the centre of attraction in any company. As is sometimes the case with men touched by genius, he awakened in others pity and respect simultaneously. He seemed to offer protection to others while at the same time needing it himself.

Roth was another brilliant and tragic product of the encounter between Eastern European Jewry and Western European culture — this time in its Viennese form.

The importance and interest of Roth's work today rests on the intrinsic value of his art as a storyteller, for which many critics place his oeuvre in the front rank of German literature of this century.

Over and above this purely literary aspect, the almost merciless clarity with which he described and criticized the communism, fascism, capitalism and general morals of his day give his work lasting value. Steeped in his own deep melancholy and his profound, incurable "knowledge" of the futility of all resistance and all attempts at improvement, Roth offers no cures. But like all great writers he opens our eyes a little wider to the reality around us. In this sense, his passionate and at times brutal diagnosis — always delivered with elegance, brevity and even wit — may in spite of his own hopelessness prove of constructive value to posterity.

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A Joseph Roth miscellany

Choosing his profession:

ONE day I became a journalist out of pure desperation over the fact that no other profession could ever tax my capabilities to the full...

The "keen observer" is the saddest of reporters. Everything transient he comprehends with an open but fixed eye. He does not listen to his own inner voice. That is what he should do... A word is hardly written down before its meaning has already changed... I can only recount that which took place within me, and how I experienced a certain event.

The World War I generation:

MY youth was a grey and red military service, the barracks, the trenches, a field hospital... Before I embarked on life, the whole world was open to me. When I embarked on life, that open world was a shambles. I myself had destroyed it, together with the members of my generations...

We knew more than the greybeards; we were the ill-starred grandsons who could take their grandfathers on their knee and tell them a thing or two...

It will be more than a Thirty-Year War. It is war, we know it; we, the authorized experts on battlefields, recognized right away that we had returned home from a small battlefield to a big one...

The world outside Germany:

I WAS curious to find out how things looked beyond the fence that surrounds us... In Germany the "concept" is holy and immutable. We are believers in nomenclature. Germany produces the "most reliable" leaders, the "most thorough" observations and researches. Everything that is written down becomes law. One believes the facts in a book dating from 1880 *(he wrote this in 1925)*. One should not even believe a book from the year 1955...

On the other side of the fence nomenclature was never regarded with such awe. Names fit things more loosely, clothes are worn more lightly. There isn't the striving to fix everything irrevocably. There, beyond the fence, people change every minute...

JOSEPH ROTH

We call this changeability "disloyalty," adaptability is almost "treason." Beyond the fence I regained my true self...

...there is always some leeway between the word and the concept it stands for, because the world does not take everything literally. We, however, take everything literally and not "as it is," because we mistake the word for the thing itself.

That is why we don't understand them, that is why they don't understand us... Abroad, what I say is not taken literally. What I don't say is being heard. Not every pronouncement of mine is interpreted as a confession. If I lie it's not yet evidence of poor character. My silence is not mysterious. Everybody understands it.

The Jewish ghetto in Odessa, 1923:

A HEAVY mist hangs over the quarter, like fate; evening is a disaster, the rising moon a mockery... Every house contains five, six, seven tiny shops. Every shop is a dwelling, too. In front of the window, which also serves as a door, stands the work bench, behind it the bed. Above the bed the children hang in baskets — and misery sways them back and fro...

From all windows weeps a weak, yellow light. They are strange lights which do not spread brightness, but a kind of darkness with a bright kernel... They are nothing but souls of darkness...

Russia and the Jewish problem:

IF Russia solves the Jewish problem, it will be half solved in all other countries. (There are hardly any Jewish emigrants from Russia, rather there are Jewish immigrants entering the country)... If this development continues, Zionism and anti-Semitism will be things of the past — perhaps Judaism, too.

East European Jews:

THE East European Jews look towards the West with a longing which that West in no wise deserves...

The Jew does not see the goodness inherent in Slavic man, who in his uncouthness still possesses more decency than the West European in his tamed bestiality...

In the East the Jews receive their education in dark *heder* schools. In their earliest youth they get to know the painful hopelessness of Jewish prayer, the passionate struggle with a God who punishes more than he loves, and who chalks up a delight savoured as if it were a sin...

The origin of Zionism:

MODERN Zionism originated in Austria, in Vienna. An Austrian journalist founded it. No one else could have founded it.

Translated by Ernie Meyer

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• ENGLISH CONVERSATION
• TYPEWRITING
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Namier's 'mindless history'

LEWIS NAMIER: A Biography by Julia Namier. Oxford University Press. 347 pp. £4.25.

Reviewed by N. A. Rose

"THE most penetrating and original and at the same time exact of all modern English historians. He has touched nothing which he has not illuminated... Even his casual essays are a solider achievement than the whole work of many highly placed history professors." Thus one history professor about another. And in the academic world where virtuosity in backbiting is almost as necessary as a first-class degree, this is praise indeed. The object of this song of praise was Sir Lewis Bernstein Namier.

He has now been brought to life in an elegantly written and, at times, amazingly frank biography by his second wife, Lady Julia (de Beausoobre) Namier. Namier was by almost every account an extraordinarily complex, even perverse, character. He did not suffer fools gladly. Crisis followed crisis in his personal life. He had many moments of bitter personal unhappiness and long periods of acute loneliness. He was a great believer in Freud, or rather in the importance of Freud's work on historical and biographical writing. And after reading the bare facts of his life, one can appreciate his enthusiasm for psychology. Consider. He was born, prematurely, into a well-to-do Jewish family in Russian Poland in 1888. His father soon converted to Roman Catholicism, apparently a common enough event among members of that class. But this was a decision which Lewis soon rejected and ultimately came to consider as humiliating, self-destructive and impracticable. A bitter quarrel then ensued with his father about his education.

Disinherited by father

At the age of 18, Lewis left home for Switzerland (a year later he enrolled at the London School of Economics) and finally at Balliol College Oxford). Fourteen years later his father disinherited him and Lewis never returned home. There is here, I would suggest, enough material for many a psychologist to spend many happy, if unfruitful, hours at work.

The England to which Lewis came appeared, as it did to many East European Jews of his generation, as the most civilized, humane and liberal society in the world. He rapidly lost his heart to this England. And he acquired an image of his adopted country — at once romantic, traditional, conservative — which was as bewitching as at times it was misleading. Despite many trepidations and vicissitudes, he never deviated far from this view. Appropriately, he first made his reputation as a historian studying and clarifying the complexities of 18th-century English politics. Towards the end of his career he returned to this theme as the Director of the History of Parliament, a massive work of scholarship which would eventually include a detailed biographical study of every Member of Parliament: a fine tribute in itself to Namierism. There are some wonderful descriptions in this book of Namier *en route* over the length and breadth of England, ransacking English country houses of their treasures and family papers — all in order to enable him to continue with his own researches.

Naturally he made many enemies. He bludgeoned his way to the top by the sheer weight of his intellectual armoury, not by political manoeuvre or intrigue in the common rooms of Oxford, a fact, no doubt, which cost him an Oxford Chair and which left him bitter with failure, as it has many others similarly treated, until the end. Neither was he overly modest about his own ability or influence. He was not the man to hide his light under a bushel. During World War I he was appointed to the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office. Namier told this story to Sir Isaiah Berlin:

"I remember... the day in 1918 when the Emperor Karl (of the Austro-Hungarian Empire) sued for peace. I said to Headley-Morley (Historical Adviser to the Foreign Office): 'Wait.' Headley-Morley said to Balfour: 'Wait.' Balfour said to Lloyd George: 'Wait.' Lloyd George said to Wilson: 'Wait.' And while they waited the Austro-Hungarian Empire disintegrated. I may say that that I pulled it to pieces with my own hands."

Book lacks balance

There is much of profound interest in this biography. Indeed, everything that Lady Namier has touched she has brought to life vividly. Nevertheless I found her book unbalanced. Large, important gaps of Sir Lewis' life pass by without comment. There is very little about his Zionist activities. And Lady Namier, perhaps wisely, remarks that, "This book is not an evaluation of Namier as historian. That is the work for the specialist." Yet, surely, it may reasonably be asked: what is the point of writing a biography of Namier unless one tackles these vital facets of his life?

This is certainly not the place to discuss Namier the historian. It is enough to note that he contemptuously dismissed *Ideengeschichte*, the history of ideas. This for him was so much continental rubbish. It was for precisely this reason that he fled from Continental Europe, and some might add from the London School of Economics. He remained true to his new allegiance and developed a far more pragmatic approach to his profession: a microscopic analysis of the social and political factors he was examining, breaking down his material into its component parts, "atomizing" it so to speak. He based himself on what people did or said, not on what they thought they did or said. Having accomplished this, he would then reintegrate it into a greater whole exploiting to the full his immense powers of historical generalization. Of late, Namierism has come under heavy attack as having "taken the mind out of history." But without question he set newer, better, more scientific standards of historical scholarship, and it is virtually impossible, even were it desirable, to escape his pervading influence.

Worshipped Weizmann

His Zionism is another matter. It is rumoured that Lady Namier intends to devote another volume to this side of his life. I am not sure how this can be done in isolation from his general biography. But I wish Lady Namier every success, for this aspect has been very sketchily treated here. He was a fanatical Zionist — often embarrassingly so for the more sophisticated members of the movement. There are stories of Namier in pursuit of unfortunate government officials in London's secluded clubland, winking them out of the Athenaeum or wherever, right up to the steps of the Colonial or Foreign Office, until they finally found respite from his remorseless tongue in the anonymity of their offices. For him they were merely "pen-pushers" or "hypocritical idiots." It goes without saying that this kind of urban warfare, conducted in the sedate atmosphere of Whitehall, brought no extra sympathy for Zionism; and it must only have increased the already violent antipathy felt towards Namier himself.

He worshipped Chaim Weizmann. For Namier, Weizmann was the only Zionist leader worthy of the name; the only man besides Churchill who approached his ideal of a statesman. In many ways he was indispensable to Weizmann. But their relationship always threatened to break into a crisis. It was always clouded by Namier's unconcealed and never unexpressed contempt for the rest of the Zionist leadership. He dubbed them the O.T.I. — the Order of Trembling Israelites, or "the Rabbis," a term of definite abuse in Namier's political lexicon. There is a great deal to be done in examining and evaluating Namier's services to Zionism. Let us hope that Lady Namier will produce as readable and frank a volume on this topic as she has about Sir Lewis' more personal life.

Dr. Rose is Lecturer in International Relations at the Hebrew University and Research Editor of the Weizmann Papers.

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Reconstructing history from broken pottery

ANCIENT POTTERY OF THE HOLY LAND by Ruth Amiran with the assistance of Pirhiya Beck and Uzza Zevulun. Translated from Hebrew by Ina Pommeranz. Jerusalem — Ramat Gan, Massada Press. 306 pp. Illustrated, maps.

Reviewed by S. Benaron

THIS book, ranging from the Neolithic Period to the end of the Iron Age, is designed for the scholar, for whom it will be the authoritative work. But it should also be in the hands of the many amateurs interested in the past, as revealed by archaeology, not only of Eretz Yisrael, certainly the many who as collectors or participants in or visitors to digs have a personal interest in the subject. The 101 plates and the hundreds of detailed sketches will help them to identify for themselves specimens that come their way.

Of course, the uncovering of sites such as Masada or Hatzor or the Western Wall has a dramatic import for everyone here, especially since the discoveries can be related to the history and literature that are part of their lives. But such sites represent what are more or less moments in time, whereas pottery, though breakable, is virtually indestructible and so, properly identified and interpreted, provides links in history running for great distances in time and space valid even before writing was invented.

Thus, the international character of the Late Bronze civilization is demonstrated in the pottery. Products of the Aegean Islands and the Mycenaean mainland are seen to have flooded the markets of Egypt and Canaan. It was a two-way traffic, for Egyptian and Canaanite wares of the same period are found in the Aegean and Mycenaean areas. Obviously, the transport had to be by sea and it would not be worth while loading up ships with large container-jars of no value in themselves. As Dr. Amiran points out, the discovery of such jars in excavations at Athens and at Thebes in Egypt shows that Canaanite oil and wine were highly esteemed both by the Egyptians, who did not grow olives, and by the Greeks, although the latter produced oil and wine themselves.

Furthermore, as the author again points out, the absence of finds of pottery in provinces of an ancient empire is not to be interpreted as implying the absence of trade between the province and the centre. For example, Egypt-made container-jars, but its exports in the Late Bronze Age did not include products such as wine and oil requiring such containers. On the other hand, at Megiddo, Lachish, and elsewhere in Greater Canaan, artifacts have been found such as toilet boxes, gold-ornamented stone boxes, faience and alabaster vases from Egypt that were valuable export articles in themselves.

Dr. Amiran's book is full of such data of general interest quite apart from its more strictly professional value.

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Chaim Arlosoroff.

PRESENTED BY THE WORLD LABOUR ZIONIST MOVEMENT

LABOUR ZIONIST ELECTION PLATFORM FOR 28th ZIONIST CONGRESS

The Time

The 28th Zionist Congress will meet at a time when:

IN THE STATE — The achievements of the Six Day War, vital for the security of the borders, the development of the State, and its very existence, may be endangered by the political and military threats which we are facing.

THE PEOPLE — There has been an unprecedented movement of revival of a fighting and fulfilling Zionism in the U.S.S.R. But assimilation is increasing in the Western lands.

IN ZIONISM — The functions of the Jewish Agency as a world Jewish framework for material aid to Israel has been separated from the Zionist Organization as an ideological and political movement.

The challenges

The approaching Zionist Congress can mark a turning point in Zionist history:

★ If it makes the Zionist Movement once more a movement with a fighting and fulfilling ideology — a revolutionary movement in the life of the people and of every individual Jew;

★ If it places *aliya* at the centre of the educational and organizational activity of the Zionist Organization and by forging new instruments for its encouragement;

★ If it broadens Jewish education in the Diaspora by deepening its national and Israeli content;

★ If it embarks on intensified and militant confrontation with the trends to assimilation and national alienation, and with anti-Zionist and a-Zionist currents amongst the people, whether open or concealed;

★ If it wins the young generation to Zionist values, to identification with Israel, to a personal pioneering of fulfilment and self-realization by direct involvement in the building of a new society and the revived Hebrew culture in Israel;

★ If it stands firm, without compromise or hesitation, at the side of Israel, in the coming critical trials.

Revolution

The Labour Zionist Movement seeks to mould world Zionism, not only as a national liberation movement, but also as a movement of social revolution and cultural revival.

The Labour Zionist Movement sees the development of national liberation amongst the Jewish people as inseparable from the efforts to realize universal social ideals, by establishing a democratic and free workers' society in Israel based on tenets of social justice, with the maximum of social and economic equality and human liberty.

This unique combination, the fusion of socialism with Zionism, democracy, equality and freedom, the building of a society liberated from capitalist exploitation — this expresses the special ideological quality of socialist Zionism in world Zionism.

The organization

A strong Zionist Organization uniting within it all the public elements which are based upon the Jerusalem Programme, and which will constitute the central and guiding force in the lives of the Jewish people is an essential requirement for the State and for the struggle for Jewish existence in the Diaspora. The Labour Zionist Movement will, therefore, work for:

★ Changing the organizational structure of the Zionist Movement so as to adapt its methods of work, its system of information and its internal workings, to the realities of the 'seventies;

★ Strengthening the authority of the local Zionist Federations as a common framework for every Zionist, without impinging upon the independent existence and field of activity of the parties which are affiliated to them;

★ Setting up a national representative body of the Zionist Executive in Jerusalem which will operate side by side with the Federations and in cooperation with them; this body will be designed to serve as a coordinating factor among the officers of the Federations, will unify the activities of the various emissaries and missions working on behalf of the world national institutions, and will act as a link between the federation and the youth movement and between all of them and the World Executive in Jerusalem;

This organizational innovation is intended to avoid division of authority — it will provide a central and authoritative address for all officials, without impinging upon the independence of the Federations.

The gap

The Labour Movement expresses the opinion that the impoverishment of the ideological life of Zionism in recent years, the gap which has been created between the declared and the accepted ideologies and everyday life, the compromising pragmatism which has overtaken the movement, the acquiescence in weakness, the succumbing to real or imaginary difficulties — all these operated to the detriment of the movement in recent years, and sapped the strength of Zionism.

The Labour Movement calls for a revival of the Zionist Movement as an ideological and radical movement, which can stand up to Jewish realities in the Diaspora and to the enemies of the people, can take a firm stand against complacency and the neglect of Zionist injunctions, can struggle against the theory that there should be a perpetual Diaspora with a multi-centred Jewry, can repudiate belief in Diaspora nationalism and all the ills that flow from this, namely, ideological and moral justification for evading the duty of personal fulfilment.

Halutzic Zionism

The Labour Zionist Movement will work in the Zionist organization for the preservation of the progressive and *halutzic* character of Zionism, both as an idea and as an organized movement. It will fight for:

★ The safeguarding of national ownership of state lands;

★ The strengthening of the power of the labour settlements and the preservation of their social values;

★ The support of the Zionist Organization for social undertakings and bodies in Israel such as the kibbutz, the moshav, workers' cooperatives and workers' settlements which bear a socialist and progressive imprint.

★ The encouragement of new and Israeli youth in the poorer lective and cooperative settlements in village and town, where youth bodies in the Diaspora see in these a way of personal fulfilment.

The Labour Movement will vigorously oppose reactionary and right-wing trends in the Zionist Movement — trends which seek to divert Zionism from its historic path, the path of constructive *halutzut* both nationalist and humanitarian, and which attempt to impose upon the society which is being built in Israel a definite capitalistic character, and to hinder the efforts being made to reduce the still existing social and economic gaps in Israel.

The Labour Zionist Movement regards *aliya* as the supreme Zionist challenge of our time. It is the very soul of Zionism and its test.

The Zionist Congress is enjoined to give its maximum support to the Aliya Movement, which was established three years ago, and to encourage the setting up of a world centre to coordinate, aid and guide it.

Training for Aliya

With the increase of *aliya* from the western countries, the need has arisen for planned action for the professional re-training of some of the candidates for *aliya*, taking into consideration the needs of the country and absorption possibilities. This activity should begin in the candidate's country of origin so as to prepare him for life in Israel, and to avoid possible difficulties when he comes, thereby accelerating the pace of his integration.

Youth Aliya

The Congress must strengthen and extend the highly successful *youth aliya* movement which has suffered severely from budgetary reductions in recent years. It is an excellent tool by which young Jews in the Diaspora can be rescued from spiritual disintegration and Israeli youths in the poorer classes from the social and spiritual dangers which threaten them.

Settlement

In view of the increased opportunities open to Jewish settlement in Israel and the vital need from the point of view of security for speedy settlement of the border areas, the Zionist Congress must give new impetus to settlement, and must call upon Jewish youth in the Diaspora to come in their thousands to help to man these positions.

Youth movements

The Movement looks with concern at the comparative weakness of these *halutzic* organizations in the Diaspora whose task it is to prepare youth for self-realization by settlement on the land.

The Zionist organization and the Jewish Agency should increase their support for these bodies.

The Movement calls upon every Zionist to encourage his children to join the *halutzic* Zionist youth movements;

The Movement considers that the time has come to create a permanent roof organization coordinating all the youth educational movements directed to *halutzut*.

Education

The Labour Zionist Movement, believing Jewish education in the Diaspora to be one of the principal factors in deciding the future of the Jewish People, proposes:

★ Maximum expansion of the network of Jewish Day Schools;

★ The amalgamation of existing educational systems into larger and more efficient units;

★ Greater efforts to train suitable teachers in the Diaspora, and the despatch of teachers from Israel;

★ A thorough revision of educational curricula, and of text books, from the point of view of their quality and their national Jewish content, with a view to their fostering the Hebrew language, culture and knowledge of Israel, and to their emphasizing the socialist and humanitarian concepts which are the heritage of the fathers.

★ The needs of Jewish education should be a top preference in Jewish communities when they decide on their budget and the allocation of their financial resources;

★ The creation of an organizational system which will make possible a period of study in Israel for every Jewish child in the Diaspora.

The youth

The struggle to win over the young Jewish generation in the Diaspora and to strengthen its consciousness of Jewish identity and to make it an active factor in the Zionist movement, is one of the most vital challenges for the Zionist Movement in our day.

The Labour Zionist Movement believes in satisfying the desire of the young people for free expression and for an opportunity to work through the medium of autonomous organizations. It would give them a larger share in the decision-making and in the leadership of the movement as a whole.

The Labour Movement welcomes the signs of a positive move towards identification with Zionist aims in general and Zionist Socialist ones in particular, among Jewish students who were estranged from Jewish national strivings. The movement will work within the Zionist Movement to ensure that this process strikes deeper roots. The Movement will extend support to general and independent student organizations as long as they express a positive attitude to Zionism and Israel.

Together with this, they will endeavour to consolidate and extend the ranks of the *Mishmeret* of the Jewish student cadres, which exist and which are working in the different countries. These are based upon the principles of Zionist Socialism, and identify themselves with the ideals of the Labour Movement in Israel and Zionism. It will request the Zionist institution to grant recognition to this student movement and will help in its development.

A Congress of Decision

By YITZHAK KORN M.K.
Secretary-General of the World Labour Zionist Movement

DEMOCRATIC elections for the Congress are being held in 24 countries after a considerable lapse of time. These elections will bring new blood into the Zionist leadership.

The Congress will be tested by its capacity to produce and to carry out a programme which will revitalize the ideological aims of the movement and will determine the place of Zionism in the lives of Jewish people everywhere.

Congress will have to find ways of making self-fulfilment the focal point of world Zionism. It will be required to impose upon the individual Zionist as well as on Zionism as a whole, the solemn obligation of self-realization, so as to make clear what the difference is between a Zionist and a non-Zionist.

Zionism offered as a solution to the Jewish problem, whether in those countries which are closed to us such as the Soviet Union or in the free world, must enter into a dialogue with the young generation of our time. This must be done by inculcating the values of our philosophy and by emphasizing the sources from which the Jewish people derived its inspiration throughout the generations. It must endeavour to create new forms of society which will have the power to attract youth seeking for answers to the problems of the day.

Zionism and the State of Israel are the pillars on which the future of our people in the Diaspora rests. We shall not be able to strengthen Zionism if the content and the essence of the State will not be such as to radiate Zionist values. It is thus no less necessary that Zionist concepts shall penetrate and be spread amongst the people of Israel. Zionism is not an article that Israel can stamp "for export only."

It is impossible to conceive of Zionism in the 'seventies without the values of Labour Zionism, just as these values made possible the achievements of the past six decades.

Thus the Labour Zionist Movement will fulfill an important mission at the 28th Zionist Congress.

LONDON LETTER

By Eric Silver

BIBLICAL 'WHO'S WHO'

A FEW days before Joan Comay's "Who's Who in the Old Testament" was published in London by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, the Israeli Ambassador and his wife were visited by Judge Moshe Landau of the Israeli Supreme Court. Mrs. Comay showed him a review copy, and like everyone else who has given his children "biblical" names he looked up his daughter, Shlomit. She was not there.

"Where," the judge asked, "is Shlomit, wife of King Zerubabel?" Mrs. Comay answered that there was no Shlomit in either the Old Testament or the Apocrypha. Judge Landau was not convinced, and went away to prove her wrong.

It is a game many will be tempted to play, but few will win. Mrs. Comay's book is the fruit of 18 months' intensive study. She trawled her net through every book of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha, in ancient and modern versions. She consulted two biblical dictionaries and the Hebrew Concordance, which lists every name in the Bible and where you can find them.

"There is only one Abraham, one Isaac, one Moses, only one Ruth and one Esther," Mrs. Comay identifies 102 names who get more than 1,200 words in her "Who's Who," which disentangles their stories in terms of the Bible and of later research.

"I do not believe this was anything but deliberate. When they came to write down the Bible they must have eliminated the smaller fry. Only Joshua slipped through. There are two one-line Joshuas, as well as *the* Joshua."

Mrs. Comay contemplates her characters with familiarity. Solomon, for instance, she says (in her drawing room, if not in her book) was "a tiresome fellow," who dissipated all in his passion for building. "He ruthlessly ruined the kingdom. He had no wars to fight. If he had just built the Temple, perhaps the kingdom would have lasted longer. By the time he had built all the cities and his palace, the kingdom was broke. When he died the kingdom split again. If he was all that wise, it seems to me he should have thought ahead a bit. If only he'd stuck to poetry, it might have been better."

Or there is David, the shepherd boy, sent by his father with supplies for his brothers on the battlefield. Tucked away at the end of the biblical description is the sentence: "And here are 12 cheeses for the captains of my sons." A lovely example, says Mrs. Comay, of ensuring what we now call "protectsia."

The idea of the "Who's Who" was put to Mrs. Comay by Sir George Weidenfeld. She was astonished that no one had done it before. 'I found one or two with three-line entries for all the people in the Bible, but you couldn't tell the difference between King David and one of the 31 Zacharias."

Sir George gave her 18 months to write all 250,000 words. The contract was signed in March, 1969. She brought the completed manuscript to London in September, 1970, when her husband presented his credentials as Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

It would have been impossible to have written the book before the Six Day War, she says. Impossible, that is, for an Israeli author adopting Mrs. Comay's approach. "You need the third dimension of the place. The geography is all there."

Thus she could work out David's route from Bethlehem to the plain (he must have followed the line of the railway).

The author's dilemma began when she examined the archaeologists' evidence. Jericho dates back six centuries before Joshua, and the city was destroyed 200 years before his time. There is no question of "circa." Excavations at Hatzor place Joshua firmly in the twelfth century B.C.E. "From the time of Joshua you can touch, and so date, everything."

Her "Who's Who" tells the Bible story, as the Bible told it, then it examines the maps and the digs. The evidence is there. The reader can choose for himself.

The "Who's Who" is Mrs. Comay's sixth book. She wrote five during the seven and a half years she spent with Michael Comay in the United States. She was a journalist long enough to respect deadlines. But the task this time was doubly difficult.

When she accepted Weidenfeld's commission, she was already working eight hours a day in the "Jews in" department (Jews in science, Jews in music, etc.) of the "Encyclopaedia Judaica" smoothing out the English. She continued in this job till June, 1970 (only three months before the manuscript was due).

When Mrs. Comay was half-way through, the American publisher insisted on the Revised Standard Version. Mrs. Comay had been working from the King James' Bible. "Every quotation had to be checked, names had to be changed. The Revised Standard Version was full of new spellings and new research."

The Americans paid for two assistants to do the checking, and Mrs. Comay hired a student to draft some of the "one-liners." Apart, though, from learned scholars who checked her copy, that was almost the limit of her assistance. Michael Comay's contribution was to work with the mapmakers. He was an intelligence officer during the Second World War.

At the end of it all — and the publishers sprang the Apocrypha on her without notice — Mrs. Comay comes away impressed afresh by the humanity of the Bible. "I can't think of any of the heroes who was wholly good. Even our prophets were human."

She hopes her work will induce people to go back to the original text and will induce people to travel in the steps of the prophets and the patriarchs. And if they happen to take one of Mrs. Comay's other guide-books with them, so much no doubt the better.

"Who's Who in the Old Testament" was published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson in London on November 16, price £4.75. It has 448 pages and is illustrated in colour and black and white.)

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DOUBLE-LIFE PLANT LADY

By Lea Levavi

Special to The Jerusalem Post

REHOVOT.— MINA Schiffmann-Nadel has been leading a double life for nearly 40 years — as far as fruits and vegetables are concerned. As Mrs. Jacob Schiffmann, a wife and mother of three, she buys groceries like any other housewife. As Professor Mina Schiffmann-Nadel, she is a specialist in post-harvest physiology and pathology: in simple language, she knows how to keep fruits and vegetables from spoiling and how to keep them available to the housewife even when they are not in season. She would never dream of putting a banana in the refrigerator, because she knows from laboratory work that bananas require high temperatures. She can estimate the "life expectancy" of an orange, and can describe in beautifully simple and straight-forward terms how fruit can be made to ripen, or not ripen, on order.

Professor Nadel, who uses her maiden name in her work, came to Israel from Poland in 1933 and began as a non-paid worker at what was then Professor Volcani's agricultural experimentation station (now the Volcani Institute for Agricultural Research).

Today she heads the Institute's largest department, a 55-man team working on storage of fruits and vegetables. Her husband, Dr. Jacob Schiffmann, works at the Institute as a specialist in soil biology.

"I always felt that if I wanted the same working conditions as a man I had to do exactly the same work as a man, no special privileges allowed"... Dr. Schiffmann told the *Jerusalem Post*, "On my way to work, I would start thinking about my work. Walking home, I would start thinking about what awaited me in the house."

As she approaches her 60th birthday, she continues her tradition of "dualism," as she calls it. In addition to her research at the Volcani Institute, she lectures at the Hebrew University Agricultural Faculty, whose campus is located in Rehovot near her department's headquarters. (Hers is one of the few Volcani divisions which has not moved to the Institute's new headquarters in Beit Dagan.

The friendly conversational way she speaks about herself and her work — something not all scientists transmit in conversations with laymen — comes naturally to her.

"I think everything can be explained. Most of what we write is for the scientific press or for the agricultural press but the public, too should be informed — without making the things so over-simplified that they are meaningless."

"My children are hurt when I refer to myself as Professor Nadel, since their name is Schiffmann. That is why I always write Professor Mina Schiffmann-Nadel."

Unaware

Her work is important to every housewife in Israel, though most are unaware of it, and is part of the reason why Israelis can now enjoy orange juice when oranges are out of season, something which was not true in the past. What is true of oranges is true of other fruits and vegetables as well, whether for export or the home market.

In 1936, British Mandate officials came to Volcani, alarmed that 20 per cent of the oranges sent to England from here arrived spoiled. Professor Nadel and her fellow-workers started investigating. In this case, the problem was pathological: finding the pathogenic (illness-producing) bacteria and fungi which affected

Prof. Mina Schiffman-Nadel

the fruit. Once the fungi were identified, fungicides had to be found which could kill them with dosages which would not harm human beings.

"In those days, the big problem was to produce enough fruits and vegetables and to keep them from spoiling. Nobody dreamed of research to store fruits and vegetables during the off-season." That came later, when Israeli farmers produced more than they could sell during the season. This is the physiological side of the coin.

"After you pick a fruit or vegetable, it is still alive. But it can live only as long as its inner resources hold out. It loses water, vitamins; its chemical content changes — all these bring death nearer. We have to slow down this process if we want to be able to store the fruit or vegetable for later use."

This is done by creating a "false environment": cooling to a temperature which will slow down the "aging process," and creating artificial air conditions with less oxygen and more carbon dioxide, and different relative humidity.

Breathe slower

This air, designed to make the fruit or vegetable breathe more slowly than usual, is provided in controlled doses through special-constructed holes in the storage boxes. The size, depth and location of the holes are carefully planned to bring in just the right quantity of air at the right time.

"After all this, we have to be sure the fruit's internal properties are the same as they were. We do chemical tests to make sure it still has its original amounts of sugars, starches, fats, vitamins, etc."

Until two years ago, fruits and vegetables were exported by plane because they would have ripened before arrival if sent by boat. "Now we know at what temperature ripening can be prevented, and for how long. Let's say we send a cargo to London and know it must be kept at 6 degrees to prevent ripening. We also know that at some point around 10 degrees it will ripen. So we instruct the shippers to keep it at 6 degrees until it has reached its destination. Then, by raising the temperature to say 15 degrees, the fruit will be allowed to ripen."

Overly simplified

This, however, is overly simplified. No fruit can be kept in cold storage forever; there is a limit to life potential, depending on the fruit or vegetable's internal properties. "Detached organs," such as lettuce and salad greens, can be stored only for a matter of days, or perhaps two weeks.

Shamuti oranges can be stored for about two months and Valencia oranges can last four or five months between picking and marketing.

It is also possible to hasten ripening. The army came to Volcani scientists and asked for advice on how they could arrange to serve avocados to soldiers every Monday. It takes about a week for the avocado to ripen (soften) from the time it is picked at maturity. But there is no way to be sure it will take exactly a week — perhaps it will take ten days, or maybe eight. Research revealed that ethylin, a gaseous substance found in fruits in small quantities, could be applied in doses to hasten ripening. The avocado, for instance, could be ripened in four days. In the case of oranges, which turn from green to orange as they ripen, ethylin brings about the colour change.

"Ethylin does nothing more than what nature does — it only does it faster and in predictable lengths of time."

The average housewife, she finds, is unduly disturbed when she hears that chemicals are used on fruits and vegetables. "Not enough is done to explain to the layman that anything we use is tested to make sure it is not harmful." Such tests apply not only to the kind of materials used but also to the dosage.

"If you eat too much table salt you can get poisoning. But all of us use table salt every day."

Slow and fast

The average consumer does not know that fruits and vegetables are washed with fungicides to prevent spoiling or treated with ethylin to hasten ripening. If he did know, he would probably be concerned, she thought, but without good reason. Irradiation of potatoes to keep them from getting soggy or spotted was resisted by Israeli consumers, though accepted as a matter of course in America.

"There is absolutely no danger, but the effect is psychological. If something like irradiation is used, this has to be written on the package. That should immediately tell the buyer that we are acting according to the law and not doing anything which has not been proven safe."

Though she did not stop working at any point during her career, Professor Nadel raised three children — two of whom are already working in the sciences. Her 29-year-old son is a physical chemist and her daughter, at 23, is studying genetics and mathematics at Hebrew University. Her youngest son, at 19, is in the army.

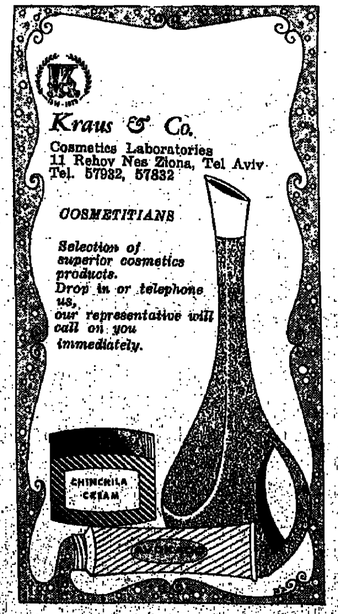
"I always did at least two things at a time. When I was in high school in Poland, I was active in school life and in Hashomer Hatzair. In college in France, I studied in two faculties at once: agriculture and natural sciences..." Imbued with the Hashomer Hatzair spirit, she wanted to immigrate to Israel and work at a kibbutz. But her parents wanted her to get an education, so she went to France to become an agronomical engineer. At the same time she became interested in biology and the natural sciences and found time to take an M.A. in that field too, later going on to specialize in plant pathology.

Without pay

"When I came to Israel, I worked without pay for the first two years and had to teach botany in the evenings to support myself. When I had children, I worked, coming home to nurse them."

Recently, Professor Nadel visited the United States, touring universities and agricultural research institutions from New York to Los Angeles.

"On this trip, unlike one I made three years ago, I got to meet a lot of American Jews and I must say I was really impressed with their interest in Israel. I don't think it's just a matter of fund-raising and philanthropy; I believe their hearts are really with us... Some of them are interested in immigrating but when you talk about immigration people are a little like plants. The older they are, the harder it is to transplant them. But I know many young people who are coming and I suppose their parents will follow."



WEE WOMEN

"How come the guarantees on things run out just before they go wrong?"

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Illumination Eye Make-up. Helena Rubinstein

هكذا من الأصل

ON PRET-A-PORTER AND POETRY-TED LAPIDUS

By Catherine Rosenheimer
Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter

TEL AVIV. — TED Lapidus is the man who created unisex; the man who dressed the Beatles; the only Jewish Paris *couturier;* the man who chose to branch out to the "left" of *haute couture* in its conventional definition; who admits frankly that *haute couture* has become a club where people make publicity for their perfumes; also a keen sportsman and a poet. A slimly built, highly vivacious personality with piercing blue eyes, he is a man who can hold an audience fascinated as he elaborates on his philosophy of fashion — and switch seconds later to light-hearted banter.

Ted Lapidus is currently in Israel. Having presented his collection earlier this week at three gala showings in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem for the benefit of Wizo, he plans to spend the rest of his stay firmly avoiding the "celebrity cocktail party syndrome" — which, he says, he hates — discarding his more usual attire of a superbly tailored black suit for a pair of (no doubt equally superbly cut) blue jeans ("blue jeans are the invention of the century," believes Lapidus, "symbolizing equality for rich and poor alike"). He wants to see the country "incognito, just like any other tourist, to visit kibbutzim — and to spend at least a week in Eilat, designing my new Israel-inspired spring collection."

Fashion prototype

"What is *couture?*" The leading question came not from this reporter, but from Lapidus. So did the answer. "For me, *couture* is a laboratory for industrial textiles. It's easy to say, I like this, I dislike that — but when making a fashion prototype, one must understand fully all the technical and industrial connotations." Thus Lapidus describes his collection not as one of *haute couture* models, but of prototypes for *pret-a-porter:* prototypes designed to be copied (some thirty manufacturers throughout Europe, the U.S. and Japan have Lapidus licenses agreements) and whose basic principles of cut are pure and simple, determined by "the vital millimetres, the technology and mathematics of of the most vital secrets, the suspension.

"All technology is based on suspension," he says. Suspension from the shoulders, across the bustline, determined by the cut of the armholes, resulting in clothes perfectly fitted across the bust, then gently flaring to follow the lines of the body — but never hugging it too tightly. "I aim to hide the hips — I *hate* more than anything dresses which give women low hips."

The future of *haute couture?* "To be cheap." How many of Lapidus' fellow designers understand technology? "Ungaro does, and Courreges too: St Laurent to a certain degree, though he is better in inspiration than technology. Other than that, the Japanese understand technology, they are masters at the art of copying a prototype exactly without translating it into a different language. Just as they have applied their techniques to cameras, to transistors, they know how to translate the beauty of fashion directly, by new techniques, and sell it cheaply."

Lapidus' admiration of the Japanese is a well-founded one. He started his career teaching in Japan eight years ago ("I was penniless, unknown, the Japanese Government invited me to come"). Today there is a school of Lapidus technique in Seibu, Japan and mass production lines are producing his designs to the tune of millions of dollars annually.

Theory

More on the theory of technology, mathematics — and copying: "I would like to see fashions here, in your country, that are dreamed up in Paris, made in Israel. If Israel understood how, she could use the Japanese weapons to double her fashion exports. Israeli winter clothes are best dreamed up in Paris, made here. As for summer things, I think you have a better climate and inspiration around you on the spot.

"My dream is to set up a university here in Israel, an international centre to train young Israelis to become dreamers with art, design, tailoring technique — a combination which, at present, exists only in Japan. I am prepared to contribute all my know-how and expertise, to help turn Israel into an international fashion centre in the Middle East, a place to which people from all over the world will send their sons and daughters — and one day even from Beirut and Cairo, I firmly believe."

Reality

Lapidus expounds his dreams, and returns abruptly to reality. "The *couturier* of today must be modest: we are artisans. St. Laurent once compared the fashion designer in his field to Victor Hugo in literature. Nonsense! That's like comparing Aznavour with Mozart. We are professional dreamers providing industry with ideas for women — utensils for making women look better — above all products which will *sell.* The *couturier* must be humble — and realistic."

His worst mistake, Lapidus readily admits, was in his first *couture* collection. "I was new, unknown, lacked the courage to admit my convictions. I tried to pander to the accepted definitions of *haute couture,* added far too many bows, embroideries, roses. Today I know that the simpler fashion is, the better. The difference between a well-cut or a badly-made suit changes a man completely. Pierre Cardin and I, with our new pattern technology, have turned Paris into the world capital for men's suits today. I aim at a youthful look for the man, suits which are designed not to last for ten years, but to take ten years off his age.

"Picasso said, 'you have to wait a long time before becoming young;' I always design for the woman of 40; my clothes are for the mother and her daughter alike, and for father and son too. My mission is modest: I aim to give the woman of 40 or 50 pleasure when she looks at herself in the mirror. If I can give her youth with my jerseys, my blue flannels, my mathematics — I feel I have done something. The competition, with identical weapons, between mother and daughter, father and son: that for me is something fabulous: an age-long complex and the revolution lies not so much in the clothing as in the feeling of the woman herself. Elegance is not the privilege of the young — it's mentality which makes one feel young."

* * *

LAPIDUS' fashion theories, philosophies, techniques go far beyond his lengthy explanation — explanations quoted here in part, though by no means in full, demonstrated in their entirety as his collection made its first ever appearance in Israel at Wizo's gala fashion show at the Sheraton Hotel last Saturday night. The clothes provided the living proof of their designer's message — clothes which said a very great deal and at the same time very little.

Both colour and fabric ranges were simple: blacks, browns and whites predominated, punctuated by bright jade greens, softer olives, brilliant turquoises and reds ranging from cherry to scarlet. There was a total absence of prints and patterns. The unisex theme was never far away: each of the many fabulously cut men's suits had its female counterpart, the man's version flatteringly masculine, the girls chic and tailored. First to appear were a series of suits, coats and pants suits in sage green checks, the girls' versions featuring the new Lapidus hunting pants — rather like slimly scaled Jodhpurs, finishing in neat spats which neatly topped the shoes.

Collars and lapels were always sharply defined, the collar standing up high, the lapels crisply pointed and outlined. The hunting pants and sculptured thigh-length man-tailored jackets, usually double-breasted, often belted, appeared again and again.

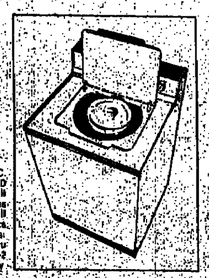
Silver buttons all bore the famous Lapidus anchor motif; beautifully detailed patch pockets were found on many of his outfits.

There were suits for men and women in leather, one of the most beautiful ocelot coats ever to be seen, outlined all around in dark brown leather, beautifully fitted across the bust, gently flared, with a deep leather-bound back slit and slant cut, tab-trimmed patch pockets.

Dresses in soft brown or white crepe retained the shirt-tailored theme in their bodices with pointed collars, buttoning to one side, sporting finely smocked midriffs and falling into gently gathered skirts. Another chemisier-look day

(Continued on page 29)

Washes even more thoroughly than by hand



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*This season's "new winter dress" (left) as seen by Lapidus: pinafore dress in soft hyacinth coloured wool is cut in three gently flaring layers, has deep scoop neck and front button detailing and can be worn in its own right or atop a sweater. Restrained use of bias-cut flounces make for a tailored, afternoon-through-to-cocktail character in this Lapidus-designed black crepe dress with cross-over bodice and triple layered skirt (On right). These Lapidus pre-a-porter prototypes were seen here at his Tel Aviv and Jerusalem Fashion shows this past spring collection he will be designing in Eilat: lots of check madras cottons, polka dots for jeans and sportswear, pleated dresses with sips, blazers, romantic blouses, cocktail dresses with new *decolletés,* machine embroidered cocktail pants, lots of "crazy little hats, matching bags," a collection, like all his future ones, subject from Paris in spring 1972.*

Ted Lapidus' new line hunting pants, seamed under the knee and finishing in spats over the boots, appear as part of a three-piece outfit in green tweed. Jacket is long, single breasted and sports anchor motif buttons at centre front and on sleeves, has military style pockets and exactly matching green leather belt. Detachable cape top falls in three sections — one down the back and two at front. Matching beret completes the outfit.

From the Lapidus collection

(Cont. from preceding page)

dress, this time in red crepe, bloused softly into a wide, shiny leather belt, with a skirt of fine knife pleats.

Lapidus believes that the sporting, unisex look for the day is the logical answer to women's equality: "Throughout the day she works, fights, plays sports just like the man: the trench coats, the jeans, the blazers: all those are the practical attire for the life she lives. But at night — the personality of the woman comes back."

It can come back with the same pants suits as she wears in the daytime, but made in satin-bound velvets, worn with flounce-front blouses in exactly the same colours as the velvets, and with restrained, self-coloured embroideries on the flared bottoms of the trouser legs.

The totally feminine personality comes back, too, in midnight blue satin safari suits and full-length red satin maxi coats and pants which still retain the same sporting qualities of the daywear, and give their wearer all the evening glamour and elegance she could wish for but none of the superfluous trimmings to lessen her comfort.

The look is undoubtedly a total one, at the same time a full-time but not total occupation for Ted Lapidus. For the past twenty years, long before he came a *couturier,* before he trained as a tailor and before he embarked on medical studies at the beginning of his career, Ted Lapidus has been writing poetry. Due out next year is a book of 180 selected poems and pieces of prose by Ted Lapidus, called "L'Interatico."

* * *

Stop Press: A few confidential (pre-Paris release) guidelines from Tel Lapidus on the Israel-inspired collection will be constructed like a puzzle, where everything mixes and matches, a "total look." Just a few hints — understandably generalized at this stage; rumour has it that the collection will include locally made fabrics and accessories too, Arab embroideries ... and of course Mediterranean colours. More on the subject from Paris in spring 1972.

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هكذا من الأصل

Army girls poke fun at fashions but like Shekem show

Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter

SOMEWHERE IN ISRAEL. — AN all-out offensive was launched against girl army cadets in the cinema of an army base "somewhere in Israel" last week. This particular attack did not as it happens, hit the headlines. Motives were purely peacable, distinctly commercial, all in the interests of fashion.

Launchers of the offensive were Shekem, who presented their "weapons" — a bright and attractive selection of new winter styles, currently on sale in all Shekem fashion departments. Since Shekem's objective is to serve the needs of the Defence Forces and their families, they have decided to revoke their policy of presenting their fashion shows in the fashionable hotels of Tel Aviv and, instead, give shows especially for girl soldiers, on location, within their army bases.

With the military look and "pop army" styles all the rage just now, the design of some of the outfits was not so very far removed from the uniforms of the audience — battledress jackets, often complete with phoney army stripes, trimmed with epaulettes, brass buttons and military-style patch pockets, appeared in many versions. As for example: in a trim pants suit in heavy, multi-coloured and patch-printed cotton; in a little scarlet suit in lightweight gabardine with a pleated skirt; in another pants suit in brown denim, well cut and with the new look for bell-bottom pants — a V-shaped, saddle-stitched seam above the knees.

There was plenty of variety, plenty of outfits for the soldier who wants her "civvies" to take her right away from the military theme. The blazer appeared in many versions, both double and single breasted. There were grey and white pin striped man-tailored trouser suits, a three-piece in Prince of Wales checks, consisting of blazer, pants and a bias-cut skirt.

Shekem fashions this season represent a good selection of local manufacturers' best and brightest styles, giving the impression that their buyers are discriminating and well tuned in to the demands of their young clientele; styles go round the clock, covering virtually every occasion. Also included at last week's show was a good range of coats and rainwear: trenchcoats in showerproof maroon coloured antique velvet, sporting car coats in natural canvas trimmed with chestnut colour leather buckled tabs.

As a finale, the models paraded a selection of maxi evening styles (Victoriana — back crepe trimmed with old lace, or slinky jewel-coloured floral styles) to the tune of the Dambusters March — and amidst enthusiastic cheers from the audience.

Following the professional part of the show came what has come to be established tradition at such shows: a reciprocal showing of "base boutique" fashions — dreamed up and created by the soldiers themselves, with strictly "local" materials as their inspiration: everything from "Malkat Ha'ambatia" — a fetching poncho topped, mini-skirted number with matching turban, made of army issue green and white check towels — to "the beautiful bride."

Prices? Mostly reasonable, was the general consensus of opinion, while one practically-minded soldier confessed that she had seen plenty of ideas which her mother — a dressmaker — could copy for her.

"Spoof" fashions: designed and created by girl soldiers with army issue materials, to provide a fun finale to last week's Shekem show. At left: an ingenious assembly of towels and, at right, the hippy look — P.T. T-shirt and shorts, wide brimmed hat and jazzed-up army muffler. And on right, one of the "real" fashions — teaming shirt and striped wool pants, topped by a fleece-lined, leather trimmed canvas coat. (Photos by Arad)

AWAY FROM HOME — **By Hadassah Bat Haim**

Rest rooms in depth

THE policy of "Visit U.S.A.," which provides that all foreigners to America can fly at half price, anywhere at any time, presents a great temptation to dash about the country.

Some places are too small to have airports but they all have bus stations, one more elegant with marble floors, glittering decors, murals, slot machine television, and gregarious travellers, chatty, informative, helpful. Like Mustumer waiting for her cousin in a small township near Richmond, hearing me ask at the desk for a general store, takes me all over town to look for a bathing suit. We don't find one because in Virginia, winter starts officially on Oct. 1, even with a temperature of 92° F.

Belatedly she recalls her husband's edicts on giving lifts to strangers and I confess I have been gravely warned against taking them, but when she hears where I come from and she tells me she has two nephews in a kibbutz, she takes me home for the night and back to the bus next day. In Evanswill — or is it Hoosier — there are Pastor and Mrs. Edwards from Pwelelli, North Wales, who are enchanted when they find I was one of the wild W.A.A.F. learner drivers that terrified the population there during the war. At that time the Pastor taught Hebrew to an evacuated Jewish school and our short exchange really makes his day.

No rest

The most useful benefit gained, possibly, is the chance to study in depth what are called here, rest rooms, though the only one I found where one can actually rest, is in a very high class hotel in St. Louis which is furnished with plush armchairs and couch and where the wash-basin taps are gold plated.

Naturally the basic functions are the same, but it takes some experience to discover the working of the attached gadgets. In some, flushing is achieved by turning a disc which either does or does not revert itself to its original position. Those are allright. We have them at home. Chains too, once located are familiar, but then there are levers, some which must be held down, others which must be quickly released in order to avert a flood. There are foot pedals and buttons, knobs to push or pull or twiddle. Some are fully automated with roaring hot wind machines for drying hands, slot for dimes, self-locking full size doors, but the one in the national park near Knoxville has only a middle partition, slotted, presided over by a massive Indian lady who drops wads of paper over the screens and stands by with a towel.

Closing devices

Closing devices have to be learned too. There are handles that turn and unturn, bolts that slide or hook in, latches that drop — or don't drop — into grooves, catches that operate up, down or sideways, and one at the American Express office in Jefferson City that baffles me so completely, that I have to be rescued from there — just as I was going to try to climb out, by two typists and the janitor.

At a former Governmental Palace in Kentucky, there is no way of closing the door at all, so although the facilities include a sunken alabaster bath, it seems prudent not to take advantage of them. The fanciest faucet so far encountered is in a motel outside Dayton where it is shaped like the steering wheel of a ship with graduations in water temperature from near boiling to icy, taking the place of compass points. The water, a delicate blue, instead of pouring down into the pink porcelain, bubbles up as though from a spring. Concealed lighting and soft music are a commonplace.

There are undoubtedly other variations availing a proper research project which would make a worthwhile thesis for a doctorate. I wonder if there is a grant somewhere.

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TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

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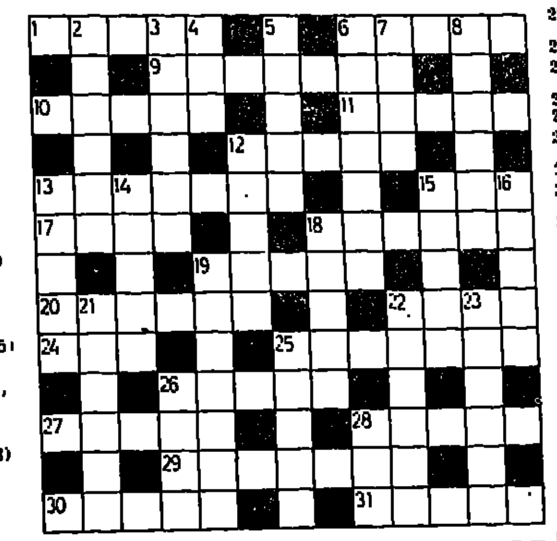

EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS

1 Singing group (5)
6 Sneak off (5)
9 Proposed one (7)
10 Rank (5)
11 Pants (5)
12 Collapse (5)
13 Boat (7)
15 Emolument (3)
17 Revise (4)
18 Lottery (6)
19 Impression (5)
20 Behind (6)
22 Just (4)
24 Non-clerical (3)
25 Within the law (7)
26 Scrub (5)
27 Move blindly (5)
28 Spree (5)
29 Navy man (7)
30 Reverence (5)
31 Trifling (5)

DOWN

2 Repellent (6)
3 Requisition (6)
4 Eggs (3)
5 Edge along (5)
6 Person (7)
7 Spring up (4)
8 Youngster (6)
12 Contempt (5)
13 Flower part (5)
14 Smart (5)
15 Decisive (5)
16 Mineral (5)
18 Gather from (5)
19 Go before (7)
21 Consecrated (6)
22 Easy (6)
23 Doubtfully acquired (3-3)
25 Ghastly (5)
26 Pole (4)
28 Roll (3)

CRYPTIC PUZZLE

ACROSS

1 Go over to St. Andrew's? (5)
6 Just the stuff for a day at home (5)
9 One contemplating the work of Rodin? (7)
10 Wine that's good in water (5)
11 Girl vacillating somewhat (5)
12 Sign of freedom for an artist? (5)
13 Soldier of wide experience (7)
15 One's turn to work? (3)
17 Flag girl (4)
18 Knock off work (6)
19 Fashionable designation? (5)
20 Is the answer (6)
22 She has to live on a ship (4)
24 Sent for help (3)
25 Republic much like Nigeria (7)
26 Mind that drain! (5)
27 3D measure? (5)
28 A sound way to make good (5)
29 An opener's opening (7)
30 Finished being an extremist? (5)
31 Female communist in the Football Association (5)

DOWN

2 One demonstrating how much trouble he can make? (6)
3 Makes no secret of the conditions (6)
4 Throw outside shortly (3)
5 Being shelled, it makes little progress (5)
6 Hide a way to land (7)
7 Excerpt from the Goldberg Variations (4)
8 But not fortunate enough to take out a lady? (2, 4)
12 The people of Italy (5)
13 Will any one of them do for the present? (5)
14 Figures of the feminine sex (5)
15 Often a collapsible frame with which I get in a rare tangle (5)
16 Having lost one vessel, she may go in another (5)
18 Dispatched (5)
19 Began giving the celebrity treatment to Mr. Heath? (7)
21 Where a soldier receives an injury? (6)
22 Upper-class backer? (6)
23 Made a gesture, nominally (6)
25 Currently produced by artificial means (5)
26 It is saddled for riding (4)
28 Familiar name in international soccer (3)

Wednesday's Cryptic Solution

ACROSS. — 3, C-ream. 8, Bon-us. 10, Domes. 11, Fur. 12, Ninon. 13, Min-gle-d. 15, Revue. 18, Low. 19, (the back of) Beyond. 21, Lag-gard (rev.). 22, Hair. 23, Rene. 24, Steamer. 26, Millie. 29, Dud. 31, Steal. 32, Old rope. 34, Ivory. 35, Ure. 36, (jack) Plane. 37, Steel (steal). 38, Erred.

DOWN.—1, S-ofia. 2, Burglar. 4, R-aid. 5, Adored. 6, (in the) Money. 7, Be-gun. 9, Nun. 12, New-gate. 14, Log. 16, Voter. 17, Edges. 19, Broadly. 20, C-hum-S. 21, L-ill-e. 23, Red-Ruth. 24, Silver. 25, Mud. 27, Italy. 28, Laine. 30, Speed. 32, Orfe. 33, Ore.

Wednesday's Easy Solution

ACROSS.—3, Least. 8, Orate. 10, Error. 11, Art. 12, Wince. 13, Ascetic. 15, Ratio. 18, Man. 19, Set off. 21, Appoint. 22, Waft. 23, Wine. 24, Terrain. 26, Proper. 29, Kin. 31, Eaten. 32, Redskin. 34, Rural. 35, Oil. 36, Flair. 37, Ample. 38, Lever.

DOWN.—1, Trash. 2, Attempt. 4, Epic. 5, Secret. 6, Treat. 7, Motif. 9, Arc. 12, Win over. 14, Tap. 16, Toxin. 17, Often. 19, Snorkel. 20, Swipe. 21, Afoot. 23, Winsome. 24, Tenure. 25, Aid. 27, Rally. 28, Peril. 30, Silly. 32, Rate. 33, Kip.

SOLUTIONS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES ON WEDNESDAY

TV TV TV TV TV

FRIDAY

3.00 "Little Lord Fauntleroy" — part 2. 8.30 Weekly Magazine — 1st edition. 9.15 Vanity Fair — The Dragoon (part 2). 10.00 Not Everything Gets By. 10.50 News. ARABIC: 6.00 Full-length feature film. 8.15 News. INSTRUCTIONAL: 8.15 Arithmetic 7. 9.10 Physics 7. 10.00 Biology 10. 10.25 Citizenship 7. 11.00 Biology 10. 11.25 Know your country. 12.00 Interview with Prof. Avraham Halperin. 3.00 English 5. 3.11 Citizenship 7.

SATURDAY

5.30 Cartoons. 7.30 Hamavdil. 8.00 Weekly Magazine — 2nd edition. 8.40 Ironside: A Very Cool Hat Car. 9.30 Mabat Sport. 10.10 News. ARABIC: 6.00 On science, technology and medicine. 6.15 Messages to relatives and friends. 6.30 Folklore programme. 7.00 News. 7.10 Forum.

SUNDAY

5.30 Sport for youth. 5.55 The Magic Carousel. 7.30 Treasure Island: part 3. 8.00 Mabat. 8.30 Documentary: Married Life. 9.20 Israeli Entertainment: Concertina. 10.00 News. 10.05 Service Broadcast. ARABIC: 6.00 Sami and Susu. 6.30 Damascus Gate. 7.00 News. INSTRUCTIONAL: 8.30 English 5 — Lesson 13. 9.05 English 9 — The Common Cold. 9.25 Science 8. 10.25 Science 6. 11.00 Geometry 9. 11.25 Geometry 5. 12.00 English 10 — The School Play. 4.00 English 6 — Alice's Cousin. 4.17 My Opinion — the Dress. 5.05 Let's Learn English (U.S.I.S.) — Lesson 2, Part 4.

MONDAY

5.30 Dr. Doolittle. 5.51 My friends all over the world. 7.30 Youth Magazine. 8.00 Mabat. 8.30 Poetry reading. 8.35 Moked. 9.20 The Saint: The Master Plan. 10.10 News. ARABIC: 6.00 Sport. 6.30 Folklore. 6.57 Programme announcements. 7.00 News. INSTRUCTIONAL: 8.30 English 5. 9.10 English 6 — Our Friend Tom. 10.00 Biology 9. 10.25 Geometry 6. 11.00 Biology 9. 11.25 Arithmetic 7. 12.00 Biology 10. 12.30 Physics 7. 1.35 Technology 9. 4.00 English 9 — The Common Cold. 4.18 Geometry 5. 3.33 English 5 — Lesson 9. 4.45 Chess for Beginners — Lesson 5. 5.02 A Louer.

TUESDAY

5.30 Sesame Street. 7.30 Affair. 8.00 Mabat. 8.30 Discussion on Television. 9.20 The Entertainment Broadcasting Service: Love American Style. 10.00 News. 10.05 Service Broadcast. ARABIC: 6.30 For the Family. 7.00 News. INSTRUCTIONAL: 8.15 Citizenship 7. 9.05 English 9. 9.35 English 5. 10.00 Algebra 9. 10.25 English 6. 10.45 Kindergartens. 11.00 Algebra 10. 11.25 English 7 — The Fence. 12.00 English 10. 12.30 English 8 — The Library. 1.35 Arithmetic 7. 2.20 Interview with Prof. Avraham Halperin. 2.37 Film.

WEDNESDAY

5.30 A Nature Series for Children. 7.30 The Valiant Years: Dunkirk. 8.00 Mabat. 8.30 Morasha. 8.45 "The Seventh Veil" — full-length feature film with Ann Todd and James Mason. 10.00 News. ARABIC: 6.00 The Children of our neighbourhood. 6.16. On the work and life of the famous music teacher Zudki Shakri. 6.36 Poetry. 6.42 Projector. 6.57 Programme announcements. 7.00 News. INSTRUCTIONAL: 8.15 Arithmetic 7. 9.10 English 7. 9.35 English 5. 10.00 Technology 9. 11.00 Biology 9. 11.25 English 8. 12.00 Technical Drawing. 9. 1.35 Physics 7. 2.20 Know your country. 4.00 Kindergartens. 4.16 Suspicious circumstances. 4.31 Arithmetic 7. 4.50 Algebra 10. 5.11 Let's Learn English (U.S.I.S.) — Lesson 2, Part 5.

THURSDAY

5.30 Rhythmgame. 5.50 Short wavelengths — news for children. 7.30 Bewitched. 8.00 Mabat. 8.30 Theatre: Agnon's "Fernheim" — with Oded Te'omi, Dina Doron, Ruth Segal, Baruch David, Miriam Bernstein-Cohen and others. 9.10 Sport. 10.00 News. ARABIC: 6.00 Cartoons. 6.15 This is your problem. 7.00 News. INSTRUCTIONAL: 8.15 Arithmetic 6. 9.35 English 9. 10.00 Technical Drawing 9. 10.45 Kindergartens. 11.25 Arithmetic 5. 12.00 Geometry 9. 12.30 Science 6. 1.35 A Louer. 4.00 Algebra 9. 4.18 Technical Drawing 9. 4.40 English 10. 5.03 A Louer.

ON THE AIR

FIRST PROGRAMME
266, 340.5 and 221 M.

NEWS:—Today: 13.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 and 12.00 p.m. Tomorrow: 8.00, 9.00 10.00 and 12.00 a.m.; 1.00, 2.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00, and 12.00 p.m.

SECOND PROGRAMME
457 and 423 M.

NEWS: — Today: 6.05, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00 10.00, 11.00 and 12.00 p.m, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 and 12.00 p.m. Tomorrow: 7.06, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a.m. 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 and 1.00 a.m.

FIRST PROGRAMME
Today

11.13 a.m. Opening. 11.16 Programmes for Pupils. 11.51 Song and Melody. 12.05 Close Down.

1.58 p.m. Opening. 2.10 Mother and Child. 3.05 Shabbat songs. 3.20 "Kabbalat Shabbat." 4.01 Language Corner. 4.30 "Choirs": Zigeunerlieder by Brahms and Schumann with the Gechinger Kantorei conducted by Helmuth Rilling. 5.08 Classical Requests Programme. Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Scheherazade," op. 35 (The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Andre Previn). 5.55 Announcements. 6.05 "What will be heard?" — a preview on next week's music programmes — produced by Shlomo Hed. 6.30 Literary Magazine. 7.07 "The Weekly Column." 8.10 Pages, Images and Songs for Shabbat. 8.30 Friday Evening Concert — (stereo) produced by Alexandra Melamed — Chamber Music: Purcell: "In Guilty Night." Cantata (Soloists: Honor Sheppard — Witch Alfred Deller — Shaul, Maurice Bevan — Samuel with Anna Shuttleworth — Cello and Robert Elliott — Organ); Brahms: Quintet in B-minor for Clarinet and Strings (Yona Ettlinger and the Tel Aviv String Quartet); Faure: Quartet No. 1 in C-minor for Piano and Strings, op. 15 (Yehudi Menuhin, Ernst Wallfisch, Maurice Gendron, and Jeremy Menuhin); Boccherini: Quintet "La Musica Notturna di Madrid" (Chamber Orchestra conducted by Rolf Reinhardt). 10.05 "What Do You Say" — ed. by A. Ahi-Neomi. 11.05 "Repeat Broadcast" — "Prefer the Conductor" — Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra — a programme produced by Gideon Rosengarten — Taking part in the discussion: Josef Tal, Noam Sheriff and Israel Daliot. 12.05 Close Down.

Tomorrow

7.58 a.m. Opening. 8.07 Programme Announcements. 8.15 Morning Concert: Jean-Joseph Mouret: "Les fêtes de Thalie" a ballet-suite (the Instrumental Ensemble of André Colson); Pergolesi: Concerto in G-major for Flute, Strings and Continuo (Severino Gazzelloni with the "I Musici" Ensemble); Mozart: Divertimento in D-major, K. 136 (Conductor: Yehudi Menuhin). 9.05 World of Science. 9.35 Musical Quiz, by Avi Hanani. 10.05 The Weekly Diary. 11.03 "Curtain Up." "Reference" — The British Evacuation from Eretz-Yisrael (second programme). 1.05 Concert — J.S. Bach: Piano Concerto No. 3 in E-major (Glenn Gould, with the "Columbia" Symphony orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann); Stravinsky: "Petrushka," Ballet — Music (The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Zubin Mehta). 2.10 Close Down.

5.06 p.m. "A Handful of Tunes" — Composers suggest... — Arthur Gelbrun. 5.55 Announcements. 6.05 "Anecdote" — Little Tales on Great Musicians. 6.30 Middle East Magazine. 7.50 Bible Reading, Shmuel II, chaps 3 and 4. 8.10 "Hamavdil." 8.40 Songs in Spanish. 9.00 "The Avantgarde of the Music" Karlheinz Stockhausen: "Opus 1970" (Beethoven Year) (with Aloys Kontarsky — Piano; J.G. Fritsch — Electric Viola; Harold Boje — Elektronium; Rolf Gelhaar — Tam Tam) — a programme produced by Arieh Sachs. 10.05 Radio-story." 10.35 Recital — Emanuel Krasowsky — Piano — Bach: Prelude and Fugue in E-flat minor; Ben-Zion Orgad: Two Preludes in Impressionist style; Rachmaninov: Etude — Tableau, op. 39, No. 1. 11.05 "Portrait in Sound" — Karel Salmon — a programme by Paul Landau. 12.05 Close Down.

SECOND PROGRAMME
Today

6.00 a.m. Religious Service. 6.10 Exercises. 6.20 Musical Clock 6.55 Programme Announcements. 7.05 "This Morning." 7.15 Hebrew Songs. 7.55 "Green Light." 8.10 "Good Morning." 8.55 "From A to Z." 9.05 "Good Morning" (cont.). 9.49 The Small Ad. Corner. 10.05 Housewife's Corner. 12.07 Programme for the Worker and the Employer. 12.30 "At Midday" — News and Music. 2.35 Week-end — presented by Yossi Banai. 4.05 "Radio-teens." 4.30 "Who's Afraid of Classical Music." 5.04 On trips and hostels in India and Nepal (repeat). 6.07 My Songs and I" — with Nahman Vardi. 6.59 Close Down.

9.05 "Shabbat Shalom" Story and Song. 10.04 "Musical." 11.05 "A Period and Its Song." 12.05 Night Music. 1.05 Close Down.

Tomorrow

6.58 a.m. Opening. 7.00 Religious Services. 7.18 Hebrew Songs. 7.35 Announcements. 7.40 Hebrew Songs (cont.). 7.55 Today's Programmes. 8.07 Songs and melodies for everybody. 8.55 A. Alon's talk. 9.04 Songs (cont.). 10.05 "Classic and Light." 11.03 "Night in the 'Emek'" — a public performance relayed from the Mann Auditorium. 12.05 "Anything Handy." 1.05 Stage and Screen. 1.40 Cantorial Programme. 2.10 Where to Go and Light Music. 3.35 "Popular and Liked". 5.04 The problem in question. 5.52 Reminiscences from Eretz-Yisrael. 6.05 "I am a New Immigrant. 6.25 Sport. 6.58 Close Down.

9.05 p.m. Our Songs. 9.30 Jazz Corner. 10.04 "Radio-Tek." 12.05 Night Songs. 1.05 a.m. Close Down.

FOURTH PROGRAMME
443, 407 and 191 M.

Today and Tomorrow: News in English: 7.00 a.m., 1.30 and 8.30 p.m. News in French: 7.15 a.m., 2.00 and 8.45 p.m. Arabic Programme: 5.58-7.00 a.m.; 7.30 9.00 a.m.; 10.58 a.m.-1.30 p.m.; 2.30-8.30 p.m.; 9.00 p.m.-12.15 a.m.

ENGLISH PROGRAMME
(407, 292, 443 and 42 M. 737, 1025, 677, 7189 kHz)

7.00 a.m. News and Israel Press Review. 1.30 p.m. Jerusalem Calling — News and Sound Pictures of Life in Israel. 8.30 Newsdesk—News and Newsreel.

IMMIGRANTS' HOUR

Today: 7.00 p.m. News in Easy Hebrew: "Line and Story." 7.30 Yiddish 8.00 Ladino. 8.15 Mograbi. 7.30 Rumanian. 8.45 Russian. 9.00 Close Down.

Tomorrow: 7.00 p.m. News in Easy Hebrew: stories from Father's Home. 7.30 Yiddish. 8.00 Ladino. 8.15 Mograbi. 8.30 Rumanian. 8.45 Hungarian. 9.00 Close Down.

ARMY PROGRAMME
216, 235 and 235 M.

Today: 11.00 a.m. Requests Programme, 11.15 From the Foreign Hit Parade. 11.30 Lunchtime Guest. 12.00 News. 12.05 Requests (cont.). 12.30 The Jewish Viewpoint—with Hanna Zemer. 12.35 Requests (cont.). 1.00 News. 1.05 Hebrew Songs — Requests. 1.30 Sports Corner. 1.35 Requests (cont.). 1.55 Announcement for Soldiers. 2.00 News. 2.05 Personal Announcements. 2.10 Close Down.

2.57 p.m. Opening. 3.00 News. 3.05 "Old and Good." 4.00 News. 4.05 Hit Parade for Old Songs. 5.00 News. 5.05 Requests from soldiers on the borders. 6.00 News. 6.05 This week in Zahal — weekly magazine. 6.45 Tradition. 7.00 News. 7.05 "Dagesh" ed. by Nathan Donevitz. 8.00 News. 8.05 Be a Judge. 9.00 News. 9.05 Shmuel Shai's Magazine. 10.00 News. 10.05 My Hit Parade with Alex Peled. 11.00 News. 11.05 The giants of Jazz. 12.00 News. 12.05 Close Down.

Tomorrow: 11.00 a.m. Opening. 11.03 With Yehuda Ephroni. 12.00 News. 12.05 The Third Man — radio game. 1.00 News. 1.05 Personal Questions. 2.00 News. 2.10 Close Down.

Tomorrow: 2.57 a.m. Opening. 3.00 News. 3.05 Songs and Tid-bits. 4.00 News. 4.05 Love me, Love me not. 5.00 News. 5.05 On the same subject. 6.00 News. 6.05 An Hour with Avner Hizkiyahu. 6.45 Anyway. 7.00 News. 7.05 On the year 1950. 8.00 News. 8.05 Songs from all over the world. 9.00 News. 9.05 Tradition. 9.30 Music from films and musical shows. 10.00 News. 10.05 Minutes: On the Hagana. 11.00 News. 11.05 Minutes (cont.). 12.00 News. 12.05 Close Down.

JERUSALEM CALLING

292, 407 and 443 Metres (677, 737 and 1025 kHz.)

1.30-2 p.m. English Programme

AGGRESSION PAYS

BRIDGE By George Levinrew

It may be easy when top tricks are self-evident. But look only at North-South in today's deal and decide on the best bidding, even when the opponents keep silent. But they were far from silent when Elenberg and Erdenbaum of our national team pushed into a game contract at the Netanya Cup tournament.

Erdenbaum
North
♠ J 8 4 2
♡ J 7 6 5
♢ K 8 3 2
♣ 6

West
♠ K Q 10 9 7 3
♡ 9 4 2
♢ 9
♣ 9 7 4

East
♠ 5
♡ Q 10 8 3
♢ Q J 10 4
♣ K J 8 5

Elenberg
South
♠ A 6
♡ A K
♢ A 7 6 5
♣ A Q 10 3 2

South opened with 1♣ and West overcalled with 1♠. East bid 1 NT. Perhaps some players would now bid clubs, but Elenberg wanted to show his strength so he doubled. West could not stand it and ran to 2♠. North might have doubled, and this would have been a disaster for East-West, but he decided to pass. The hand was passed to Elenberg who made a truly aggressive bid of 3♢. This could go wrong, and South might conceivably have been trapped into a disaster. Erdenbaum, with a delayed confidence in his partner's strong bidding now raised to 4♢. At this point game looked inviting to South, possibly depending on a ♣ finesse, so 5♢ was the final bid doubled by East.

The ♠ K was opened and won by the Ace. Declarer won in order two hearts and the ♢ K. A ♣ was led. As the cards lie it was safe to play the Ace and ruff three clubs on the board. But if East had had only two or three clubs this plan would fail. The finesse seemed safer. It worked and Elenberg sighed with relief. Now came quickly the ♣ A, a ♣ ruff, a ♡ ruff, a ♣ ruff, a ♡ ruff, and the ♢ A for eleven tricks and the contract.

Elenberg found a perfect distribution. At first glance it seems as if he should win the ♢ A after winning the ♣ finesse. However, there was another potential danger to guard against if the ♢ A had been played. Should East hold only three hearts to the Q he could trump the ♡ J, play a winning trump, and have either a high ♠ or a high ♣ to defeat the contract. Keeping the ♢ A was a superb defensive play against this eventuality. May our team thus succeed next week at the European Championship in Athens.

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the israel museum, jerusalem
THIS WEEK AT THE MUSEUM

Saturday, November 20, 8.30 p.m. — **Piano Recital**
Gerald Robins (U.S.A.)
Mozart, Prokofieff, Dello Jolo, Albeniz, Chopin, Liszt
Tickets at agencies and on evening of concert at the Museum

Tuesday, 4.30 and 5.15 p.m. — **Guided Visit**
at Matisse exhibition (free of charge)

Tuesday, November 23 — **Art Film Club**
"Dear John" (Sweden, 1964)
The chronicle of a love affair, beautifully acted and photographed. Directed by Lars Magnus. With Jacob Kulle, Christina Schollin. Short films: "Swedish peasant paintings."
"Interlude by Candlelight" (Holland)

Tuesday, November 23 — **Gallery Talk**
"New exhibits in the Late Canaanite Period" — Mrs. Miriam Tadmor

Tuesday, November 23 — **Exhibition Opening**
Ashanti Goldweights (Africa)
Nachum T. Gidal collection
Goldman—Schwartz Hall
Members of the Association of Friends of the Israel Museum

Exhibitions
Paris and Palestine (Spertus Hall).
Henri Matisse: Prints and Drawings (Cohen Hall).
12 Lithographs by Ceri Richards for 6 poems by Dylan Thomas (library) last week Ashanti Goldweights.
130 Bronze Maquettes by Jacques Lipschitz (Billy Rose Pavilion).

Special Exhibit (Rockefeller)
A silver hoard from Eshtamoa — First Temple Period.

Youth Wing
Sculpture course for adults starts on November 25, 10-12 p.m. Courses for children and high-school students — registration continues.

WHAT'S ON

Plant a Tree in Israel
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Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department, Keren Kayemet Leisrael (Jewish National Fund): In Jerusalem — Rehov King George, corner Rehov Keren Kayemet. Tel. 35281! In Tel Aviv — 96 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 234449.

— ALL WEEK IN JERUSALEM —

• Israel Museum: —
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.: Tues., Shrine of the Book, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Tues., Museum. 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

• Conducted Tours: —
HADASSAH TOURS
1) Morning Tour (except Saturdays and Holidays) of all Hadassah projects in Jerusalem starts at 8.30 a.m. from Strauss Health Centre, 24 Rehov Strauss, IL8.40 or $2 per person towards transportation and refreshments.
2) Medical Centre Only, includes visit to Chagall windows, exclusive Audio-Visual Presentation of the "Hadassah Story" at 9.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 2 p.m., Kennedy Tourist and Information Centre. Medical Centre. No charge. Bus 19 and 27. For further information Tel. 36333, Jerusalem.

Boys Town Jerusalem — (Kiryat Noar), Bayit Vegan. Daily tours (except Shabbat). Tel. 83212.
Hebrew University, Conducted tours in English weekdays at 9 and 11 a.m., starting from the lobby of the Administration Building and at 9.30 a.m. from the Truman Research Institute at the Mount Scopus campus.
Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Orphans' Home of Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressive modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6, Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 28424.

• New Israel Films: —
Latest Israel films screened weekdays at 12 noon at Keren Hayesod Hall, Jewish Agency Building, Jerusalem. Admission free.

Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneller Wood. Romema. Tel. 25829, 7.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m.
"A Stone in David's Tower" — Sound and Light show in Jerusalem. Text: Yehuda Haezrahi. Directed by Pierre Arnaud and Arnon Adar. Music: Noam Sheriff. Every evening except Friday and eve of holidays in the Citadel (David's Tower) near Jaffa Gate. 7.30 p.m. in Hebrew; 8.45 p.m. in English; 10 p.m. added show in English on Mon., Tues., Wed., and Sat. evenings; 10 p.m. in French, on Sun. and Thurs. evenings only. Tickets: Jerusalem agencies and Citadel evening box office. Please come dressed warmly.
Special Synagogue Tour, Egged Tours office, Central Bus Station, 2 p.m., Friday. Traditional Synagogue Tour, United Tours office, King David Hotel Annex, 2 p.m. Friday.
Oneg Shabbat Weekly Portion, Community Singing (in English) Hechal Shlomo, 9 p.m. (admission free).

— TEL AVIV —

THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM, Sderot Shaul Hamelech Museum collections Post-Cubism. Surrealism and Abstract Art — Zacks Hall, Impressionism, Expressionism, and Ecole de Paris — Jaglom Hall. OTHER EXHIBITIONS: Israeli painting and sculpture — Meyerhoff Hall: Art and Science Hall 4; Films on "Art and Science," at the Molly Kaufman lecture hall, 5 p.m. and 6 p.m. Hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10-1, 4-7: Tues. 10-1, 4-10, Sat. 6-10 p.m. Free Guided Tours in English at 11.30 a.m.
Helena Rubinstein Pavilion 6 Rehov Tarsat, New exhibition, Mordechai Levanon 1901-1968; hours: 10-1, 4-7; Fri. 10-1; Sat., 7-11 p.m.
Museum Ha'aretz: Ramat Aviv, (1) Glass Museum: (2) Kadman Numismatic Museum: (3) Ceramics Museum: (4) Museum of Ethnography and Folklore: (5) Museum of Science and Technology: (6) Tel Quasile Excavation. Wed. — 10 a.m.-8 p.m., Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.: Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
26 Rehov Bialik: (7) Museum for the History of Tel Aviv: (8) Alphabet Museum; Sun. through Thurs. — 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri. — 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Sat. — closed.
10 Mifratz Shlomo, Yafo: (9) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo: Sun., Mon., Tues. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Conducted Tours: —
• Tel Aviv University
Free conducted tours in English, of RAMAT AVIV CAMPUS daily except Saturday. Assembly point at University — 10.30 a.m. Public Relations Dept. — Transportation — by public buses 25, 26, 79, 80. Free transportation on Mondays and Wednesdays — from hotels: 9.40 a.m.—Tadmor, Sharon, Accadia, Valdor, 10 a.m. — Sheraton, Hilton, Ramat Aviv, Samuel, Astor, Dan, Park, Deborah, Adiv; Ami Shalom, Bazel. For further details, Tel. 416111, Public Relations Dept.
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ORT ISRAEL; for visits, please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 762291/2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 233675; ORT Haifa, Tel. 84027; ORT Netanya, Tel. 32922.
National Religious Women's Organization: Mizrahi and Hapoel Hamizrahi Women in Israel, 166 Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv. Call — Tel Aviv, 444151, 788942: Jerusalem, 80630, 35283.
Moetzet Hapoalot — Pioneer Women: Courtesy tours Sunday through Thursday 9 a.m., Tel Aviv, Histadrut Bldg., 93 Rehov Arlozorov. Tel. 261111: Jerusalem. Beit Elisheva. Rehov Elazar Hamodai. Katamon. Tel. 31616: Haifa, Community Centre. 14 Rehov Zahal. Kiryat Eliezer. Tel. 523554.
Mizrahi Women's Organisations of America and Canada, 16-18 Rehov Dov Hos, Tel Aviv, call Tel. 220187, 243106; Jerusalem. 23846, 521608, 27456 (answering service) Haifa, 61528; Beersheba, 3171.
Wizo Club, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 232989, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.
Hadassah Club, 80 Rehov Hayarkon. Tel. 56039.
Women's League for Israel, 37 King George, Tel Aviv. Conducted tours of the Homes please call: Tel Aviv — 249189; Jerusalem — 39840; Haifa — 63770; Netanya — 29584.
Ihud Shivat Zion Synagogue 86 Rehov Ben Yehuda Services: Minha, Fri., 4.25 p.m., Shaharit, 6.30 and 8.30 a.m.. Minha. Sat., afternoon, 12.30 and 4.30 p.m.

— HAIFA —

• Exhibitions: —
Artists House, 24 U.N.O. Ave. "The Sea" exhibition. Open daily. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. 4-7 p.m. except Fri.. Sat.. 10-2.
Hadassah Club, Youth Aliya office, 209 Rehov Hameginim, Tel. 42461, 64878.
Goldman Art Gallery, 93 Sderot Hanassi. Exhibits, sculptures by Dan Levin: opening Sat., Nov. 20, 8.30 p.m. Open daily 10-1, 4-7, 8-10; Sat., 6-9.30.

— REHOVOT —

Weizmann Institute of Science, conducted tours, Sun. to Thurs 11 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.; Fri., 10.30 a.m. only; starting from the lobby of the Charles Clore International House.

SATURDAY
— JERUSALEM —

Organ Music by Philip Reger every Saturday at 11.30 a.m, Y.M.C.A. Auditorium. Public welcome.
Melave Malka, 8.30 p.m. at Hechal Shlomo, 58 Rehov King George.
An Evening of Israel Folklore, come sing and dance along — at 9 p.m., at the I.C.C.Y. 12a Rehov Emek Refaim.
Rubin Academy of Music, tonight at 8.30, Music Forum; first meeting, cello and piano programme (in cooperation with Jerusalem Municipality).

The Israel National Opera
Saturday, Nov. 20
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Haifa Municipal Theatre

THE SUICIDE
Comedy
Haifa, Sat., Nov. 20
Tel Aviv, Ohel Sun., Nov. 21
Jerusalem, Sat., Nov. 27

Ma'alot, Nov. 22
Mifal Omanut La'am
THE DAYS ARE COMING
"A Superior Cameri performance." (Davar)
Yotvata, Nov. 21
Revivim, Nov. 24
Rosh Ha'ayin, Thurs., Nov. 25

Haifa, Tues., Nov. 23

Theatre Laboratory
LATE LOVE
Haifa, Beit Rothschild Mon., Nov. 22
Shortly
THE DONKEYS
Comedy according to Plautus

The Cameri Theatre

Premiere
THE ACCOUNT
by John Herbert
Direction: Hillel Ne'eman
Tel Aviv, Nahmani Sat., Nov. 20, 8.30; Sun., Nov. 21, 8.30

WITHOUT TEARS
Last performance
Tel Aviv, Sat., Nov. 20

MEDEA
100th performance
Tel Aviv, Sun., Nov. 21; Mon., Nov. 22; Tues., Nov. 23

THE ANDERSONVILLE TRIAL
"An impressive and interesting performance." (Ma'ariv)
Tel Aviv, Wed., Nov. 24; Thurs., Nov. 25

THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX
Tel Aviv, Tsavta Sat., Nov. 20, 10.30

Habimah

THE GYPSIES OF JAFFA
Tel Aviv, Large Hall Sat., Nov. 20, 8.30; Sun., Nov. 21, 8.30; Mon., Nov. 22, 8.30
Jerusalem, Tues., Nov. 23

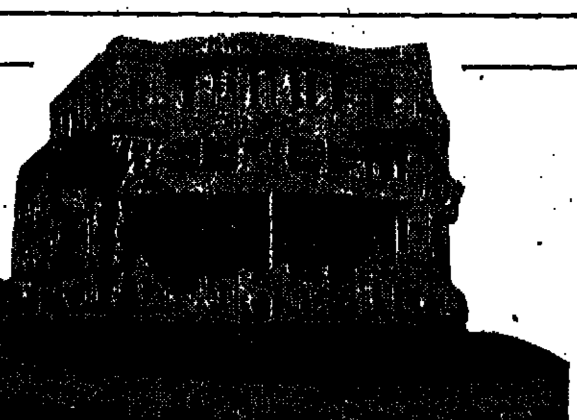
CALIGULA
Tel Aviv, Large Hall Tues., Nov. 23, 8.30

THEODORE
Tel Aviv, Small Hall Tues., Nov. 23, 8.30

RELATIVELY SPEAKING
Tel Aviv, Beit Hahayal Sat., Nov. 20, 7.15, 9.30
Tel Aviv, Small Hall Sun., Nov. 21, 8.30; Mon., Nov. 22, 8.30

THE CHAIRS
Tel Aviv, Small Hall Sat., Nov. 20, 7.15, 9.30

COLOMBE
Tues., Nov. 23, Bat Yam. Box Office, Tel. 288742



MUSEUM HA'ARETZ, TEL AVIV

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27 Rehov Bialik

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Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs.	9 a.m. — 2 p.m.
Wed.	9 a.m. — 1 p.m., 4 — 7 p.m.
Fri.	9 a.m. — 1 p.m.

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The Director of the Museum

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Paris — **DUO KUTY** — Acrobatics unique in the world from Nouvelles Eve
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MEDEA
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Tickets at hotels and the theatre box office. Earphone Rental desk in the foyer of the theatre on the evening of performance.

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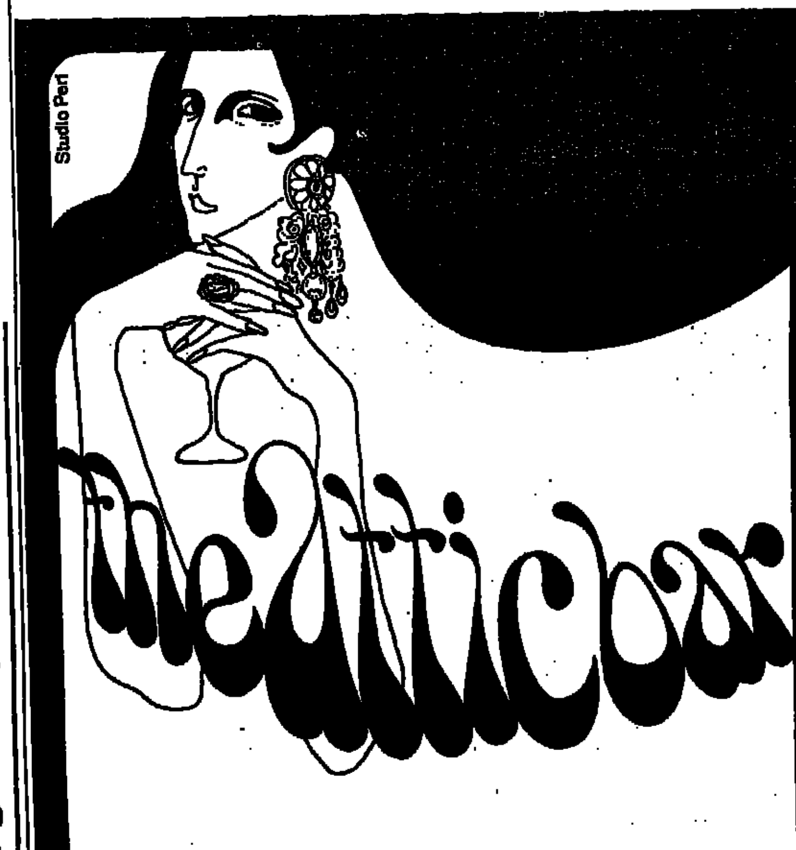
NOTICE
TO OUR HONOURABLE GUESTS

DUE TO A SPECIAL FUNCTION AT OUR HOTEL THERE WILL BE NO DANCING TONIGHT, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1971

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!

HOTEL INTER•CONTINENTAL Jerusalem



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Along with snacks on the house and the authentic atmosphere of an intimate rendezvous

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atop the lobby of
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in the Shalom Tower

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Invitation to the showing of the film

THE TATOOING
(Tactowierung)

Sunday, Nov. 21, 1971, 8 p.m.
Beit Agron, Rehov Hillel, Jerusalem.

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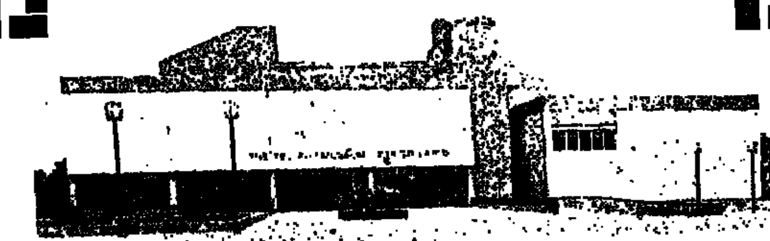
OPENING CONCERT 1971/72 SEASON
THE AMATI QUARTET
and
THE ARDITO WIND QUINTET
(HOLLAND)

PROGRAMME:
Haydn: String quartet Op. 76 No. 3 ("The Emperor")
Hindemith: Kleine Kammermusik for 5 Wood Instruments
Spohr: Nonet Op. 31
Schubert: Octet in F-Major Op. 166

All seats sold.



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Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 6 Rehov Tarsat.

* **KAETHE KOLLWITZ**—106 drawings, lithographs, woodcuts and sculptures.

Open daily 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.; Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Saturday 6-10 p.m.

Conducted tour (Hebrew) Tuesday 23.11 at 11 a.m.

The new building (Sd. Shaul Hamelech)

Exhibitions:
— Israel Painting and Sculpture (Meyerhoff Hall)
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Conducted Tours (English) at 11.30. Hebrew at 5.30 p.m.

Films (Mally Kaufmann Hall) Daily at 5 p.m. and 6 p.m. Expressionist artists. (German expressionism, Marc, Nolde)

Lecture (Mally Kaufmann Hall) on Mon., Nov. 22 at 8.30 p.m. DR. Z. MAISELS: German Expressionism in Art

Concerts (Mally Kaufmann Hall) on Sat., Nov. 20, at 8.30 p.m. Israeli Music; on Wed., Nov. 24 — ARDITO QUINTET and AMATI QUARTET (Works by Britten, Seter, Gelbrun, Bruynel, Badings)

"A STONE IN DAVID'S TOWER" Sound and Light Show in Jerusalem

Text: Yehuda Haezrahi. Directed by Pierre Arnaud and Arnon Adar. Music: Noam Sheriff.
Every evening except Friday and eve of Holidays in the Citadel (David's Tower) near Jaffa Gate.
7.30 p.m. in Hebrew; 8.45 p.m. in English; 10 p.m. added show in English on Mon., Tues., Wed. and Sat. evenings; 10 p.m. in French on Sun. and Thurs. evenings only.
Tickets: Jerusalem agencies and Citadel evening box office.
Please come dressed warmly. In the event of rain the performance will be cancelled for that day.

هكذا من الأصل

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 20, at 7.00 p.m. & 9.00 p.m.
Weekdays at 4.30 p.m. — 7.15 p.m. — 9.30 p.m.
See times of performance of individual cinemas

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4th week
RICHARD BURTON is
THE VILLAIN
with
MICHEL DAVENPORT
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ARMON DAVID Tel. 220954
14th week
THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE
TONY MUSANTE
SUZY KENDALL
Adults only — Technicolor
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Israel Premiere
CATHERINE DENEUVE
FRANCO NERO
Film by: LUIS BUNUEL
TRISTANA
Adults only — In colour

CHEN Tel. 226957
Israel Premiere
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
THREE FAST GUNS AGAINST ONE DETERMINED MAN!

GREGORY PECK
SHOOT OUT
Distributed by Cinema International Corporation
A Universal Picture - Technicolor
Adults only

CINERAMA
Israel Premiere
Starting Sat. 20.11
★ FRANCO NERO
★ TOMAS MILIAN
★ JACK PALANCE

COMPANEROS
Technicolor techniscope
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EDEN Tel. 57450
Second week
Turkish picture
Forget the Woman
4, 7, 9

ESTHER Tel. 225610
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VIOLENT CITY
CHARLES BRONSON
TELLY SAVALAS
JILL IRELAND
Adults only

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12th week
"One of this year's top pictures." —Look Magazine
"★★★★ (Highest Rating) I love it." — Chicago Sun-Times
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JOE
Adults only
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GORDON Tel. 244373
21st week
Sun.: 7.15 — 9.30
Weekdays: 4.30 — 7.15 — 9.30
Andre Cayatte's film
mourir d'aimer
ANNIE GIRARDOT
BRUNO PRADAL
Based on a true love affair between teacher and pupil

HOD Tel. 226226
Second week
ROD TAYLOR
in
Darker than Amber
4.30 — 7.15 — 9.30

MAXIM Tel. 227457
11th week
DUSTIN HOFFMAN
LITTLE BIG MAN
FAYE DUNAWAY
Distribution in Israel by: NOAH FILMS

MOGRABI Tel. 58381
3rd week
Israel Film Premiere
HALF and HALF
with
ASSI DAYAN
NISSIM AZIKRI
ZEEV BERLINSKI
4.30 — 7.15 — 9.30

OPHIR Tel. 613821
Israel Premiere
THE HORSEMEN
OMAR SHARIF
JACK PALANCE
Based on a novel by JOSEPH KESSEL
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORION Tel. 624025
4.30 — 7.30 — 9.30
3rd week
MIA FARROW
BLIND TERROR

PARIS Tel. 296605
Second week
ZACHARIAH
The first electric western
10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 20, at 7.00 p.m. & 9.00 p.m.
Weekdays: 4.00, 7.00 and 9.00 p.m.

ARNON Tel. 224829
4th week
A great documentary film based on ERICH VON DENIKEN'S BOOK
CHARIOTS OF THE GODS
Colour

CHEN Tel. 222955
2nd week
JENNIFER O'NEIL
in the drama
SUMMER OF '42

EDEN Tel. 223829
BURT LANCASTER
ROBERT RYAN
in the WESTERN
LAWMAN

EDISON Tel. 24056
The great Turkish love story
BEKLENEN SARKI
with
HULYA KOCYGOT
KARTAL TIBET
with colourful songs
Colour

JERUSALEM Tel. 35067
GABI AMRANI
DASSI HADARI
AVI TOLEDANO
in the Israeli film
ARIANA

HABIRAH Tel. 232366
2nd week
The new Israeli comedy
Half and Half
with
ASSI DAYAN
NISSIM AZIKRI
Colour

ORION Tel. 22914
GIMME SHELTER
"THE ROLLING STONES" in a film of their controversial American tour
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ORNA Tel. 24733
A bitter-sweet romance
B.S. I LOVE YOU
with
PETER KASTNER
JOANNA CAMERON
For adults only
Colour

RON Tel. 23104
3rd week
ELKE SOMMER
PERCY
4.00 — 7.00 — 9.00

SEMADAR Tel. 33742
CHARLES BRONSON
starring in the drama
PASSENGER IN THE RAIN

Tel Aviv Cinemas

PEER Tel. 443795
3rd week
ELIOT GOULD
DONALD SUTHERLAND
in the most sparkling film
LITTLE MURDERS
7.15, 9.30

RAMAT AVIV Tel. 412761
7.15, 9.30
Erich Segal's No. 1 Bestseller of the year
LOVE STORY
ALI MACGRAW
RYAN O'NEAL
In colour
Music: Francis Lai

SHDEROTH Tel. 624054
Israel Premiere
SIDNEY POITIER
SHELLY WINTERS
ELIZABETH HARTMAN
A PATCH OF BLUE
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO Tel. 55817
Second week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Columbia Pictures
SUMMERTREE
MICHAEL DOUGLAS
JACK WARDEN
BRENDA VACCARO
BARBARA BEL GEDDES

TCHELET Tel. 442950
A satirical musical
LAURENCE OLIVIER
JOAN MILLS
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR!
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV Tel. 228113
Second week
When was the last time you were afraid, really afraid?
MEPHISTO WALTZ
JACQUELINE BISSET
BARBARA PARKINS
CURT JURGENS
Adults only
Fri. 9, Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON Tel. 445035
Israel Premiere
They told him it was just a driving job.
They didn't tell him seven killers would be waiting at the end of the road.

George C. Scott
The Last Run
PANAVISION MGM
9.30, 7.15, 4.30

ZAMIR Tel. 57455
2nd week
PASCALE AUDRET
ELSA MARTINELLI
RENAUD VERLEY
LES CHEMINS DE KATMANDU
The pearl of the Orient, centre of free love and narcotics
Adults only
Continuous from 9.30 a.m. — 5.30, 7.30, 9.30

Petah Tikva

SHALOM Tel. 917480
THE BABY MAKER
Sat. and all week 7, 9.17
BARBARA HERSHEY
Matinee at 3.30:
DEAD OR ALIVE

Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 20, at 7.00 p.m. & 9.00 p.m.
Daily at 6.45 and 9.00 p.m. — Matinée at 4.00 p.m.

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 64018
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Aircooling
RIO LOBO
JOHN WAYNE
in his great picture
in Technicolour

ARMON Tel. 64848
Israel Premiere simultaneously with Tel Aviv
A giant production with top stars of the screen
OMAR SHARIF
JACK PALANCE
LEE TAYLOR YOUNG
THE HORSEMAN
In colour

ATZMON Tel. 63003
The fifth and last chapter of the unforgettable series
ANGELIQUE ET LE SULTAN
Starring:
MICHELE MERCIER
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Second week
ONIBABA
Directed by Kaneto Shindo
Perfs. Sat., Tuesday and Thursday at 6.45, 9.00

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Second week
Hall ventilated
Milos Forman's
TAKING OFF
Starring
BUCK HENRY
LYNN CARLIN
Special Reviewer's Prize at Cannes Festival
For adults only

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An Israel-Canadian productio
SEVEN TIMES A DAY
For adults only

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From Friday
six nonstop perfs.
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VIOLENT CITY
with
CHARLES BRONSON
TELLY SAVALAS
Technicolor

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A great sentimental film
Starring:
JEAN MARC BORY
JEAN MOREAU
LES AMANTES
For adults only

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Second week
ASSI DAYAN
NISSIM AZIKRI
ZEEV BERLINSKY
in the latest Israeli comedy
Half and Half
In colour

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GORDON SCOTT
MIMO PALMARA
in a great historical suspense film
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In colour
Perfs. Friday 10, 12, 2, 4
Saturday 6.45, 9.00
From Sunday to Thursday 10, 12, 2, 4
Second week
WILD GYPSIES

ORLY Tel. 81868
Second week
The heartaches and indecision of a young girl's growing up
HAYLEY MILLS and OLIVER REED
in
Take a Girl Like You
For adults only
In Colour

PEER Tel. 62282
ANTHONY QUINN
ANN MARGRET
in Stanley Kramers production
R. P. M.
Revolutions Per Minutes
In colour

RON Tel. 69069
2nd week
David Lean's great film of Boris Pasternak's great novel
Doctor Zhivago
with
OMAR SHARIF
JULIE CHRISTIE
Technicolor
Perfs. Sat. only at 8.30
Weekdays at 5.00, 8.30

SHAVIT Tel. 85345
One of the most tension filled realistic films
The 25th Hour
Starring:
ANTHONY QUINN
and VIRNA LISI

Ramat Gan Cinemas

ARMON Tel. 720706
4, 7.15, 9.30
RICHARD TODD
JOAN COLLINS
SUBTERFUGE
In colour

HADAR Tel. 723822
5th week
Mourir d'Aimer
ANNIE GIRARDOT
BRUNO PRADAL
Based on a true love affair between teacher and pupil

OASIS
7.15 — 9.30
YUL BRYNNER
ELI WALLACH
JANE BIRKIN
Romance Of A Horse Thief
Mat. at 4.00
Bugles in the Afternoon
RAY MILLAND

ORDEA Tel. 721720
Second Week
The Bird with the Crystal Plumage
Adults only
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RAMA Tel. 721912
3rd week
Saturday and all week
7.15 — 9.30
WALTER MATTHEW
ELAINE MAY
"A NEW LEAF"
Technicolor

RAMAT GAN Tel. 724504
7.15 — 9.30
People are things
Things are to be used
That's the way it is
MAKING IT
KRISTOFFER TABORI
MARLYN MASON
Colour by De-Lux
Adults only
No complementary tickets

The POSTER

Theatre

THE ANDERSONVILLE TRIAL (Cameri). — Play about the prison camp in the American Civil War, where 14,000 died of maltreatment, reminds us that man's *inhumanity to man is part of the* history of mankind, and raises the problem of a soldier's responsibility in carrying out orders contrary to moral law. TEL AVIV Wed., Thurs., 830

PLAY STRINDBERG (Cameri). — Strindberg's cruel, uncompromising drama of husband and wife united by a bond of hatred was turned by Duerrenmatt into good entertainment. Show is amusing, with Edna Fliedel and Yossi Yadin delivering virtuoso performances under Leonard Schach's impeccable direction. TEL AVIV Sat., 8.30.

FORTUNE IN MENS EYES (Cameri) — TEL AVIV (Nachmani) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

MEDEA. — Tour de force by Hanna Maron. TEL AVIV (Cameri) Sun., Mon., Tues, 8.30. AYELET HASHACHAR Wed., Thurs.

THE SUICIDE (Haifa). — A satirical play written in Russia in the early 'twenties brought up to date to poke fun at the Russia of the Brezhnev-Kosygin era. Adaptation not so successful, but farce remains entertaining, and Yakov Bodo as the simple man who wants nothing but a job and all the sausage he can eat, is excellent in a part cut to his (small) measure. HAIFA (M.T.) Sat., 8.15 TEL AVIV (Ohel) Sun., 8.30 MA'ALOT Mon., 8.30

THE GYPSIES OF JAFFA (Habimah). — *Nissim Aloni's latest has moments of* great visual beauty in his familiar style of a master showman, as well as fascinating characters, but the play does not add up. A violin-and-saxophone player named Max Hydes, and veteran actor Rafael Klatchkin steal the show. TEL AVIV Sat., Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 8.30.

THE COMING DAYS. — JERUSALEM (Hebrew High School) Sat., 8.00 YOTVATA Sun., HAIFA (M.T.) Tues., REVIVIM Wed. ROSH HA'AYIN (Yarkon) Thurs., 8.00.

CALIGULA (Habimah) — Albert Camus' *philosophical drama is a study in total* negation. Roman Emperor Caligula strives to attain complete freedom and live like the gods by indulging in the ultimate in depravity. Excellent direction by Etienne Debel. TEL AVIV (Habimah) Tues., Nov. 23, 8.30.

THEODORE (Habimah) — A play about three frustrated aging sisters galvanized into action by the arrival of a pretty young niece, full of inconsistencies and dialogue which leads nowhere. Good acting by Batya Lancet as an alcoholic, lesbian boutique owner. (See review) TEL AVIV Wed., Tues., 8.30.

THE HINDU WANTS THE BRONX AND LINE (Zavta and Cameri) — Two plays by Israel Horowitz, about violence and sex generate a great deal of excitement while being funny at the same time. An evening of good theatre under the direction of Edna Shavit with an excellent cast. (see review TEL AVIV (Zavta) Sat., 10.30.

A TASTE OF HONEY (Tzavta) — NEVE SHA'ANAN (Beit Aba Hushi) — Fri., HAIFA (University) — Sat.

AWAKENING ONE DAY (Tzavta) — TEL AVIV (Tzavta) — Fri., midnight.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING (Habimah). — A silly comedy by Britain's Alan Ayckburn, directed by his countryman, Tony Jones. The direction and acting do not improve on the situation comedy with its mechanical far-fetched humour. TEL AVIV (Beit Hachayal) Sat., 7.15 9.15. TEL AVIV Sun., Mon., 8.30.

CHAIRS (Habimah) — TEL AVIV Sat., 7.15, 9.30.

THE SIGN OF PISCES (Godik). — HAIFA (Shavit) Fri., 9.00. TEL AVIV (Ohel) Sat., 7.00, 9.30. TEL AVIV (Ohel) Mon., Wed., 8.30. MERHAVIM (Beit Ha'am) 8.30. GIVAT OLGA (Gal) Thurs., 8.30.

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE — HERZLYIA (David) Fri., 9.00. HAIFA (Beit Abba Hushi) Sat., 9.00 REHOVOT (Beit Ha'am) Mon., 8.30 GADERA (Rachel) Tues., 8.30 TEL AVIV (Beit Hachayal) Wed., 8.30, TEL AVIV (Beit Histadrut Hamorim) Thurs., 8.30.

MY MOTHER THE GENERAL (The Young Theatre). The current Israeli "hit," mostly current belly-laughs. HOLON (Bena) Fri., 9.00 HAIFA (Shavit) Sat., 9.00 TEL AVIV (Beit Hachayal) Mon., 8.30 JERUSALEM (Mitsal) Tues., 8.30 TEL AVIV (Ohel Shem) Wed., 8.30.

Musicals

HAVA ALBERSTEIN (Bimot) — JERUSALEM (Beit Ha'am) Sat., 8.30 YERUHAM (Mira) Mon., 8.30. TEL AVIV (Beit Hamoreh) Tues., Wed., 8.30.

WINNIE THE POOH (Young Peoples Theatre) — ASHKELON (Rachel) Sun., 10.00, 12.30 BEIT SHEAN (Yarden) Mon., 10.15, 12.00 KIRYAT SHMONA Tues., Wed., 9.45, 11.30, MIGDAL HAEMEK (Dalia) Thurs., 11.00.

JUMBO — ACCO (Gan Eden) Fri., 9.00. TEL AVIV (Dekel) Sat., 7.00, BEIT BEREL Tues. NATANYA (Sharon) Thurs., 9.00.

YEHORAM GAON — GIVATAIM (Hadar) Fri., 9.00 TEL AVIV (Dekel) Sat., 9.45. KIRYAT YAM (Nitsan) Sun., 8.30. JERUSALEM (Beit Ha'am) Mon., 8.30. YAVNEH (Chen) Tues., Wed., 9.00.

OH! WHAT A PORT — Is much of the time Oh! what a bore, a musical with none of the je ne sais quoi which makes a musical an enjoyable experience. The plot revolves around the friendship between *two stevedores, a clumsy, heart*-of-gold Ashkenazi, and a smart, handsome, quickwitted sephardi. Shimon Israeli as the first and Oshik Levi as the second are entertaining much of the time. (See review).

Dance

BAT-DOR — Tel Aviv Uzat-Dor Theatre TEL AVIV Wed., Thurs., 8.30.

Opera

The Israel National Opera presents: Bizet: "Carmen," with Dobell/Davrat; Bergel, Avelia, Gales (Saturday-Tuesday); Joh. Strauss: "The Gypsy Baron," with Laszlo Roth conducting (Sunday); Donizetti: "L'elisir d'amor with Baumwel, Bergel, Avellia, Karta, Herdan, Glick, Zutor; Franklin Choset conducting (Monday); at KIRYAT ATA — Thursday: "The Gypsy Baron."

Forums and Talks

THE CRISIS of JEWISH EDUCATION — lecture, with discussion following, by Dr. Barry Chazan, head of the Centre of Jewish Education in the Diaspora at the Hebrew University, (Moadon Ha'-Oleh, 9 Alkalai) Mon., 4 p.m. (Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel Refreshments. All welcome.

THE SEARCH FOR BAR-KOCHBA — lecture by Prof. YIGAEL YADIN. Thursday, Y.M.C.A. Auditorium (Tickets at the Y.M.C.A.).

RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

TODAY: 4.30 p.m.: Zigeunerlieder by Brahms, Schumann. 5.05 p.m.: Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherezade (LSO-Previn). 8.30 p.m.; Pursell: "In Guilty Night" — Cantata; Brahms: Clarinet Quintet (Ettlinger-Tel Aviv String Quartet); Faure: Piano Quartet No. 1 (Menuhin, Menuhin, Wallfish, Gendron); Boccherini: Quintet "La Musica Notturna di Madrid." 11.05 p.m.: Which conductor do you prefer? In Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra, with Josef Tal, Noam Sheriff, Israel Daliot.

SATURDAY: 08.15: Mouret: Ballet-Suite; Pergolesi: Flute Concerto (Gazzeloni — I Musici); Mozart: Divertimento, K.136 (Menuhin). 1.05 p.m.: Bach: Piano Concerto in E (Gould); Stravinsky: "Petroushka" (Mehta). 5.05 p.m.: Composers suggest... Arthur Gelbum 11.05 p.m.: Portrait in Sound — Karl Salomon.

SUNDAY: 3.05 p.m.: Gypsy Music. 4.04 p.m.: Moussorgsky: "Pictures at an Exhibition" — Moshe Rosenstein. 5.05 p.m.: Monteverdi: Sonata; Janacek: Slavonic Mass. 8.45 p.m.: IPO-Dorati: Mozart: Symphony No. 39. Vivaldi: "Gloria." 11.05 p.m.: Little Suite; Stravinsky: "Firebird" — Suite (Stravinsky).

MONDAY: 3.05 p.m.: N.Y. Philharmonic-Bernstein: Rossini: "Semiramis" — Overture; Mahler: Songs from "Des Kusben Winderhorn" (Ludvig Berry). 5.05 p.m.: Berlioz: Trojan March (Beecham); Gliere: Harp Concerto; Copland: "Billy the Kid" (Bernstein). 10.05 p.m.: "A trip to Childhood" — with Pnina Saltzman and Arieh Vardi, piano; Oded Telmi, reader; Rame Samsonov, mezzo-soprano — music by Bizet, Moussorgsky, Schumann. 11.05 p.m.: Ravel: "L'Enfant at les sortileges" (Bertini).

TUESDAY: 5.05 p.m. Ilona Vincze plays Rameau (Pieces for Piano); Beethoven (Andante favori); Ravel (Le Tombeau de Couperin). 8.30 p.m.: Chamber Music from YMCA (see "Poster"). 11.05 p.m.: Bach: Sinfonias (Heifetz-Primrose-Piatigorsky;); Mendelssohn: Cello Sonata (Feuermann); Prokofiev: String Quartet No. 1.

WEDNESDAY: 3.05 p.m.: Arthur Rubinstein — Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1; Chopin: Fantasy in F minor. 5.05 p.m.: Siegfried Palm, cello-Bloch Suite; Hindemith: Sonata; Zimmermann: Capriccio. 10.05 p.m.: Gounod: "Romeo at Juliette" — complete opera; (III 01.10.

THURSDAY: 3.05 p.m.: Haydn: Sonata No. 22; Dvorak: String Quartet, op. 34. 5.05 p.m.: Isr. Broadc. Symph Orch. — Rodan: Copland: Music for Radio; Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 4 (Robbins). 8.45 p.m.: Boccherini: Sonata for Two Violins (Lemkes-Vos); Brahms: Piano Sonata in C Klein): Hindemith: Octet. 11.05 p.m.: The Guitar in the Renaissance.

The School of Stage and Cinema Art will present the Israeli premiere of Jean Claude Van Itallie's experimental play THE SERPENT on Nov. 20, 22 (at 8.30 p.m.) and Nov. 21 (9.30 p.m.). The playwright claims his play is a community ceremony where actors and audience come together to exchange feelings and ideas. The production is directed by Michael Rutenberg, the school's new principal who has recently come from the U.S. Admission is free.

At the Cinema

Jerusalem

HALF AND HALF — New Israeli comedy which concerns the search for the other half of a winning Mifal Hapayis ticket, the owner of which has died. The search leads to a number *of hilar*ious situations including a fight in a bakery, a slapstick scene reminiscent of the old custard-pie-throwing days, a scene with a lady painter doing a Potiphar's wife act with her model and a lively chase through the back streets of Tel Aviv. The original story by Boaz Davidson, *Nissim Azikri and Asi Dayan* is directed with spirit by Davidson and acted with verve by the cast. The film was produced by Asi Dayan who also plays a small role and sings a song which indicates that his talents do not lie in the latter direction. Cheerful, unpretentious entertainment.

PERCY — the name given by a publicity seeking surgeon to a transplant he makes of a vital part of a young man's body; it is the man's search for the identity of the donor that provides the plot. Director Ralph Thomas never misses an opportunity for the sniggering *innuendo* and the picture is a tasteless concoction that is hard to beat for salaciousness and sheer smuttiness.

THE LAWMAN — Burt Lancaster as a cold-eyed sheriff who cannot depart an inch from his code of office for fear of losing the meaning of his life. Baddies must surrender or be killed and this film is littered with the most realistic shootings, in colour, ever seen on the screen. Robert Ryan is good as a sheriff who has given up and Sherry North displays all of her considerably large charms. Good, clean Grand Guignol.

CHARIOTS OF THE GODS — German-made, English speaking, documentary on the world-wide belief or legend of a visit by beings from outer space to this planet at some time or other and presents a rich survey of visual data from religious literature and art, views of buildings whose masons and methods of construction are unknown, rock drawings, ancient pictures and *bas-reliefs* depicting men and their machines similar to contemporary astronauts and space ships, etc., etc. Like all such films for popular consumption, suffers from dramatization and simplification of argument but nevertheless absolutely fascinating and is highly recommended.

GIMME SHELTER — In 1969 the Rolling Stones made a concert tour of the U.S.A., and the film is a documentary starting with scenes from their last concert in New York and culminating in scenes from the free performance they gave at the Altamont Speedway, San Francisco, which brought a crowd of nearly 300,000. Incredible scenes of hysteria, confusion, even anguish with pop idol *Mick Jagger* shouting "Who's fighting and what for?" "Woodstock" comes to mind but that was all sweetness and light compared to this. Directed by David and Albert Maysles and, presumably, dozens of cameramen. Very interesting if one can stand the noise.

Tel Aviv

THE MONASTERS — An extremely well produced, if brutal, film about an ex-Northern soldier, a Black (good performance from Brock Peters) *who insists on* becoming a farmer in a former Confederate township. Placed at the end of the Civil War, it succeeds in getting in two aspects of the opening up of the West, viz. the colour problem and the question of landownership. The Whites consider the land is for them; the Black stands on his rights; the Indians insist the land is free for all without proprietorship. Capable acting from Burl Ives and Nancy Kwan, and particularly Jack *Palance as the coolly sadistic ex-Con*federate. Exceptionally fine photography in an atmosphere of winter and hoar frost, resembling a debt to Breughel.

SEVEN TIMES A DAY — Canadian Israeli co-production, a very unfunny comedy which has the chief character, architect Adam Lafontaine from Montreal (played by French Canadian actor Jean Caute) bouncing from bed to bed seven times a day in various parts of Israel. Dalia Friedland is the psychologist to whom he goes to be cured of his sex mania, Rosana Schiaffino is an Italian girl who feigns leukemia to trap him into marriage (!) and Jack Ben Sira is *her artist brother. The whole silly story* seems to be just an excuse for a display of breasts and buttocks. Directed by Denis Heroux. French dialogue.

MEPHISTO WALTZ — Story of black magic in which the soul of one person, a famous pianist dying of leukemia, is transferred into the body of another by *means of a pact with Satan. Elegantly* staged with some terrifying moments, a nightmare foreshadowing reality, a dog with a human head, and so on. Directed by Paul Wendkos with Alan Alda, Curd Jurgens, Jacqueline Bisset, Barbara Parkins and Bradford Dillman. Jakob Gimpel, who has been soloist with the I.P.O., *plays the Liszt Waltz.*

Haifa

VIOLENT CITY — Gang warfare in contemporary America in a film that lives up to its title with plenty of melodramatic situations and death lurking round *every corner. Charles Bronson plays his* usual sort of role in his usual sort of manner and Jill Ireland is his faithless girlfriend and Telly Savalas the boss of an underworld organization. Italian-French production with English dialogue directed by Sergio Sollima, who made his name in Italian Westerns.

Music

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless stated otherwise.

JERUSALEM

MUSIC AT THE ISRAEL MUSEUM — visiting pianist from Los Angeles Gerald Robbins plays Mozart, Sonata, K.310; Prokofiev, Sonata No. 8; Dello Joio, Capriccio; Albeniz, from "Iberia"; Chopin, Nocturne in F, Scherzo in c-sharp minor; Liszt, Transcendental Etude No. 10 — at the Israel Museum Recital Hall: Saturday.

MUSIC AT THE UNIVERSITY — The Israel Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra — Ari Ostrovsky conducting — Mozart: Divertimento, K.136; Ibert: Divertissement for students and lecturers, at the Wise Auditorium: Mon*day, at 1.15 p.m.*

MUSIC AT EIN KAREM — Wilhelmine Bucherer, harp; Sharona and Hanoch Tel-Oren, flutes — members of the Israel Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra — play works by Loeillet, Handel, W.F. Bach, Spohr, Holdheim, J.S. Bach, Ibert, Hasselmans, Beethoven, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Telemann — at the Targ Music Centre, Ein Karem: Monday. For tickets: Baruch, Harlap 12 Tel. 33763, 1-3 p.m. Special bus from King David Hotel at 7.45 p.m., from Kings Hotel at 8 p.m., from Mount Herzl at 8.10 p.m.; return transport assured.

ISRAEL BROADCASTING presents: Amati String Quartet and Ardito Wind Quintet, guest ensembles from Holland, play Spohr: Nonet; Eisma: "If . . ."; Britten: Sinfonietta; Schubert: Octet — at the YMCA Auditorium: Tuesday.

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC - ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 3, Series "1" — Paul Paray, conductor; Pnina Saltzman, piano — Paray: Symphony No. 1; Bartok: Piano Concert No. 3; Schumann: Symphony No. 3 — at Binyenei Haoomah: Wednesday.

TEL AVIV

MUSIC AT THE MUSEUM — Vered Pulay, soprano; Sarah Fuxin-Herman, piano; the New Israel String Quartet — works by Josef Tal, Paul Ben-Haim, Zvi Avni, Karl Salomon, Ram Da-Oz, Yitzhak Edel — at the Molly Kaufmann Hall, the Tel Aviv Museum: Saturday

I.P.O. — Subscription Concert No. 2, "*Popular Series*" — *Eliyahu Inbal*, conductor; Gina Bachauer, piano — Seter; Mozart; Moussorgsky — at Mann Auditorium: Saturday. I.P.O. — Subscription Concert No. 3 — Paul Paray, conductor: Pnina Saltzman, piano — Paray; Bartok; Schumann — Series "1"; Monday; Series "2": Tuesday; *Series "3": Thursday.*

RAMAT GAN

MUSIC AT BAR-ILAN — The "Ardito" Wind Quintet, guests from Holland — play works by Danzi, Taffanel, Escher — at the Schleiffer Auditorium — Sun*day, at 1.15 p.m.*

HAIFA

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY presents — "Amati" String Quartet and "Ardito" Wind Quintet, guest ensembles from Holland — works by Haydn, Spohr, Hindemith, Schubert — at Beit Harofeh: Saturday.

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 3 — George Singer, conductor; Uzi Wiesel, cello — Haydn; Schumann; Gelbrun; Dvorak — Series "1": Sunday; Series "2": Monday at the Municipal Theatre. Youth *Concert: Monday, at 4.30 p.m.*

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY — works by Bach, Pergolesi, Mozart, Ben-Zwi Tchernichovsky: "Shaul beEin-Dor" (from Samuel, book 1), with Za'hava Simon (contralto), direction: Eli Freud, at Stella Maris Church. Sat. 11 a.m.

HOLON

HOLON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 2 — George Singer, conductor; Shlomo Mintz, violin — works by Vivaldi, Mozart, Von Einem, Dvorak — at Yad L'Banim Cultural Centre: Saturday.

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